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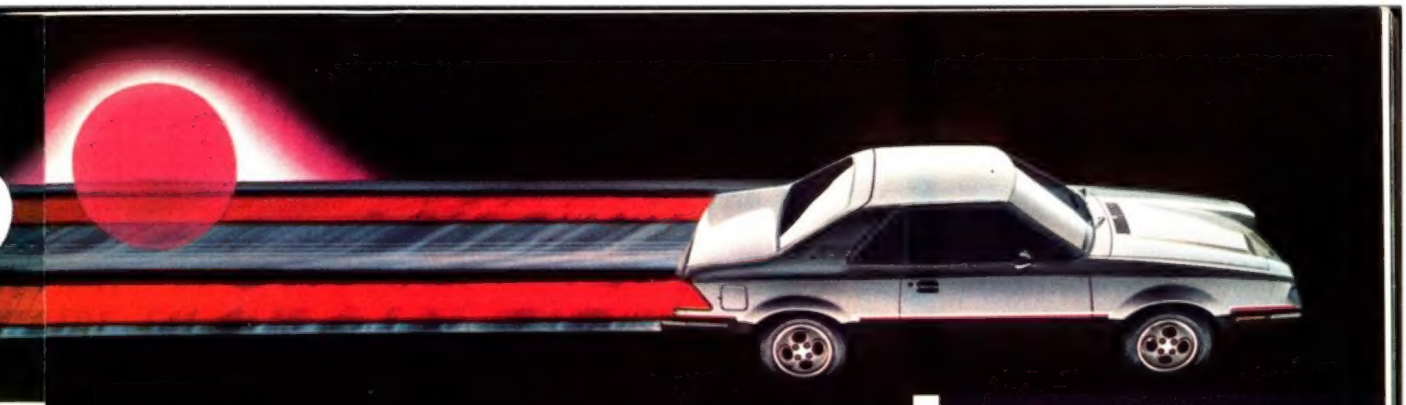

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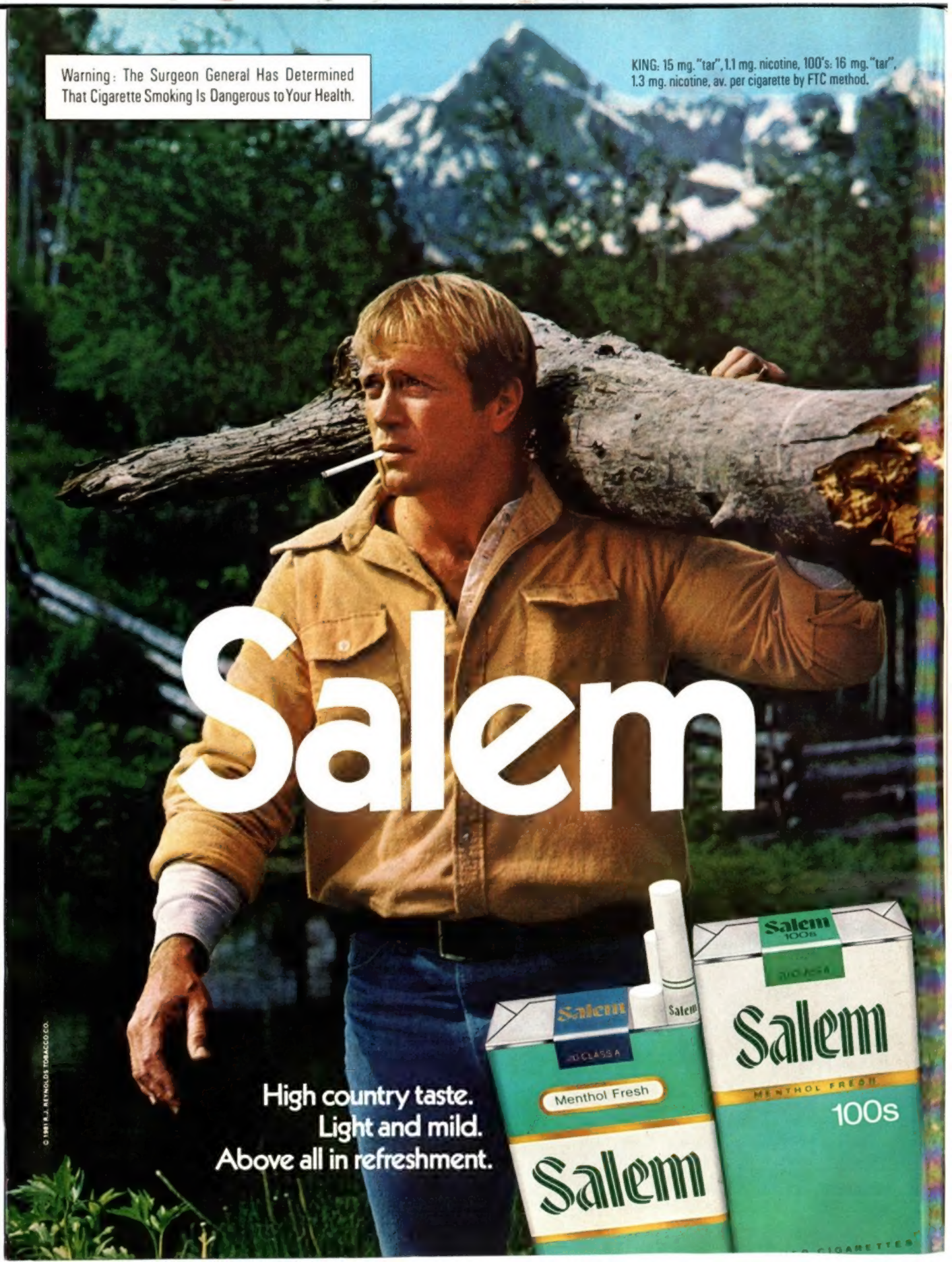
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APRIL 20, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 16 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Those titled folk in the pages of *Debrett's Peerage* are no strangers to the pages of TIME. In the past 58 years, regal faces have appeared on 79 covers; Britain's Prince Charles was our subject in 1969 and 1978. For this week's cover story on his betrothed, Lady Diana Spencer, London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo concentrated on the former World's Most Eligible Bachelor. Angelo's first experience as a royalty watcher dates back to 1957, when she covered Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip's visit to Canada and Washington. This time she found herself sitting on Prince Charles' right during a recent dinner for American correspondents in London. Says Angelo: "He was a lively dinner partner, interested in everything—and great fun. Anybody who wants to can mount a case against the monarchy, but as long as the British like the idea, they couldn't have a better next-up than this unstuffy, concerned and remarkably egalitarian man." Correspondent Erik Amfitheatrof, meanwhile, set out to sketch a detailed portrait of the elusive Lady Diana. On the day the engagement was announced, he spotted Lord Spencer, Diana's father, taking pictures of the crowds in front of Buckingham Palace. He turned the chance encounter into an interview. Says Amfitheatrof: "What impressed me most was how lovingly and simply he talked about his daughter, not as a future Queen but as a wonderful young woman, concluding that Charles was lucky to have her."

BEN MARTIN

Amfitheatrof and Angelo in London

In preparing the story, TIME correspondents worked sources on both sides of the Atlantic. In London, James Shepherd surveyed the booming business in royal curios and souvenirs, Arthur White interviewed Elizabeth and David Emanuel, who are designing Diana's wedding gown. Boston Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand researched the American roots of Lady Diana's family, and in Washington, Correspondent Eileen Shields interviewed Journalist and Biographer Anthony Holden. This week's story was edited by Stephen Smith and written by Jay Cocks, who was fascinated by what he calls Lady Diana's "dazzling star quality." Says Cocks: "We've all been told the sun's been setting on the British Empire for the past 40 years, but when this wedding takes place it's going to look like high noon. Lady Diana is that rare phenomenon: a real-life embodiment of the Hollywood image of a princess. Her marriage to the Prince of Wales is interesting not only as a social and national ritual but also as the most engrossing kind of theater."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Prince Charles' bride and future Queen, Lady Diana Spencer, 19, captures Britain's heart and brings star quality back to Buckingham Palace. Their July 29 wedding will be surrounded by pomp and profits. *See* PEOPLE.

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Letters

Made in Japan

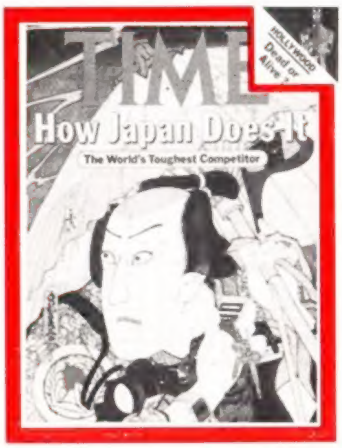
To the Editors:

Restrict the flow of Japanese cars [March 30]? Never. We Canadians and Americans should thank Japan for turning us into quality-conscious automobile buyers. To ask Japan to cut back is to tell us that we will have to settle for second best. Compete for my sense of value, Detroit, and you can win me back.

David N. Kwechansky
Toronto

It is comforting to know that Japan has relaxed its practice of dumping products in the U.S. It would be even more comforting if U.S. workers and businessmen could regain the jobs and businesses destroyed by this long-term practice.

L. Raymond Windecker
Livonia, Mich.



For over a hundred years American management has used many different strategies for manipulating people, ranging from pay raises for faster work to behavior modification. Now U.S. businessmen are surprised to learn from the Japanese that it is not only more humane but far more productive to treat employees as human beings by giving them not only the dignity but the respect that they deserve. It is a true, but sad, commentary on American life and industry.

Bryan Barnett
Piscataway, N.J.

If inflation is our No. 1 problem, Japanese competition is our No. 1 ally. If Congress limits Japanese auto sales, U.S. auto, steel and other industrial products will quickly rise in price, and the inflationary trend will be disastrous.

Alan B. Williams
Augusta, Ga.

If Detroit ever got into genetic engineering, it would reinvent the dinosaur, complete with tail fins.

William H. Long
Boulder, Colo.

If our Government tells me that I can't buy a Japanese car, I won't panic. I'll just put on my Taiwanese jogging shoes and get on a city bus (made in Germany) or a subway car (made in France), or ride around town on my Japanese bicycle while the free market is closed for emergency repairs.

Martin Stupich
Atlanta

The auto industry's management and organized labor have just proved with their rebates that people will buy their cars if the price is right.

Lorus Grandt
Wahiawa, Hawaii

Crime: America's Curse

In your discussion of gun control [March 23] you state that legislative proposals made last year to prohibit the sale, importation and manufacture of small handguns is "considered dead."

Your observation is premature. As chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, I plan to introduce legislation that will ban "Saturday night specials." The bill will strive to take these guns off the market. These weapons have absolutely no purpose other than to kill or maim human beings.

Peter W. Rodino Jr., Representative
Tenth District, New Jersey
Washington, D.C.

You Americans are a funny bunch. Faced with the most appalling crime statistics, how can you even argue about the importance of banning handguns? Constitutional rights, my foot! Your whole way of life is at stake, and you rave about rights that take you back to the jungle.

In Switzerland, where target shooting is almost a national pastime, nobody needs to carry a pistol to bolster his ego. Members of the N.R.A., please grow up.

Lionel Goei
Lausanne

You failed to emphasize the most important factor for rising crime: television. When the nation's No. 1 entertainment emphasizes killing and assault, it is no surprise that violence is rising.

David M. Mills
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Zealous Watt

Secretary of Interior James Watt [March 30] confirms our worst fears about the Reagan Administration. America's frantic thirst for fossil fuels has more than its share of advocates within the energy conglomerates and Government, and among consumers eager for a return to the days of cheap oil. It is preposterous that the nation's chief conservation officer should be counted among their ranks.

Ralph Urban
Narberth, Pa.

I can understand why the bald eagle on James Watt's wall is giving him the evil eye. What I can't understand is why Watt doesn't replace the picture with one of a bulldozer.

Terry D. Younkin
Salina, Kans.

There's a joke going around concerning the new Secretary of the Interior. How much electricity does it take to kill Smokey the Bear? Answer: one Watt.

Keith L. Hull
Boise, Idaho

Hasn't Secretary Watt learned that as many problems are created as are solved by the elimination of predators like the coyote? God may have intended humans like the Bible-quoting Watt to occupy the land until Jesus' return, but he did not intend that entire species be wiped out in his absence.

Nancy S. Rudisill
Bedford, Pa.

Sic Transit

We persist in planning public transportation systems [March 30] that focus on Big City centers as if it were still 1940. Downtown has long ceased to function as the core of our metropolitan areas. If we are serious about getting Americans out of cars and into buses and subways, then our transit networks must recognize that today's urban travel does not focus on the central city. It is dominated by massive movement throughout surrounding suburban areas. What is needed are high-speed travel links among the regional shopping centers, airports and the light-industrial and office parks.

Peter O. Muller
Coral Gables, Fla.

If the people in Sioux Falls do not want to pay federal taxes so that someone in Los Angeles can get to work on time by public transportation, then I see no reason to pay federal taxes to support the tobacco farmers of North Carolina.

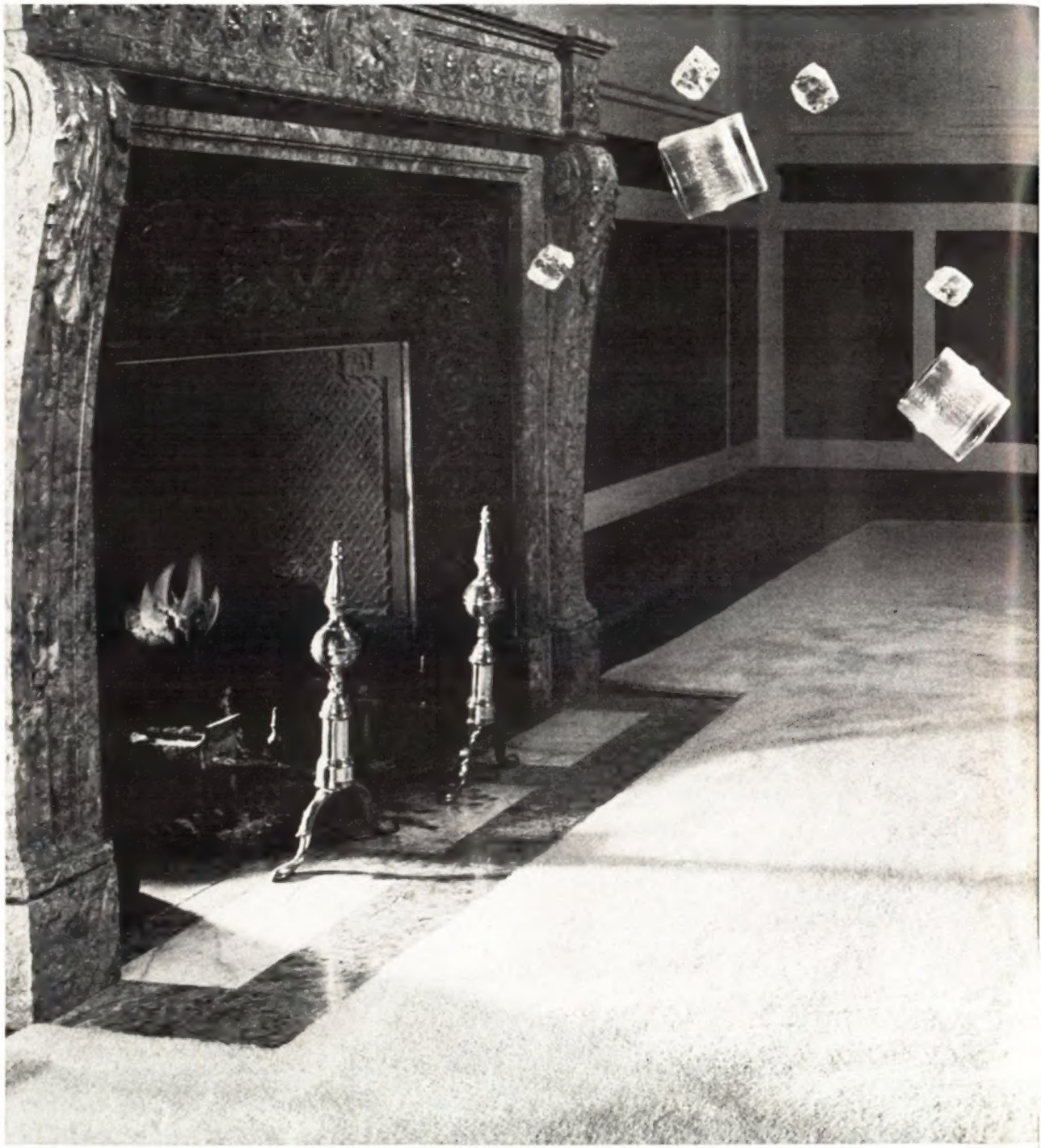
Kathryn K. Scott
Brookline, Mass.

Now is not the time for cuts in mass-transit operating subsidies. For larger cities such as Los Angeles, mass transit offers a more energy-efficient and economical way of travel than the car. Yet millions of Government dollars continue to be dumped into the highways. Someone should remind President Reagan that fuel saved by a mass-transit system in Los Angeles would benefit the entire nation.

Andy Lewis
Madison, Wis.

Your article about the cracking frames on the New York Flxible buses points up the astonishing lack of memory in our automotive and aircraft industries. Any competent maintenance man

After a toast with Finlandi



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Letters

knows that a cracked vehicular frame can only be repaired by fish plating with rivets or bolts. If that is not possible, the frame should be replaced. It should never be welded because the frame will only crack again.

Albert K. Tank
Melbourne Beach, Fla.

No Bribery Here

Your "Big Profits in Big Bribery" [March 16] alleges that government favors may be had in Argentina by those willing to pay the price.

Your allegation is unclear as to when the bribes occurred. You can be sure it did not happen during the term of President Jorge Rafael Videla, which expired on March 29. He made clear at the outset of his administration five years ago that such conduct would not be tolerated.

Jorge A. Aja Espil
Ambassador of Argentina
Washington, D.C.

Foot in Mouth Disease

Your Essay "Oops! How's That Again?" [March 30] made me laugh from beginning to end. English is my second language, and I make many mistakes. Instead of feeling embarrassed, I feel humble and have learned to take everything less seriously, at least for a little while.

Nelda A. Sturgeon
Wilmington, Del.

Your Essay brings to mind a "blooper" by a Providence radio newscaster. In talking about a man missing in Narragansett Bay, the announcer said, "He is presumed drowned by the Coast Guard."

Hans L. Heimann
Cranston, R.I.

A few years ago, a television weatherman in Louisiana opened with: "Looking at the big map, we can see a cold mair ass coming out of Canada."

Bill Cantlon
Silsbee, Texas

A letter to the editor of a local newspaper stated, "Since crime is the No. 1 problem of our country, we should make the death penalty more severe."

Terry Semones
Monroe, Mich.

I've been a speech therapist for 14 years, but I make my share of bloopers. When I learned from my department head that I'd passed the dreaded university comprehensives, I wavered between "I'm so pleased" and "I'm so proud." I said, "I'm so plowed."

Mariel Ferré Dumin
Clemson, S.C.

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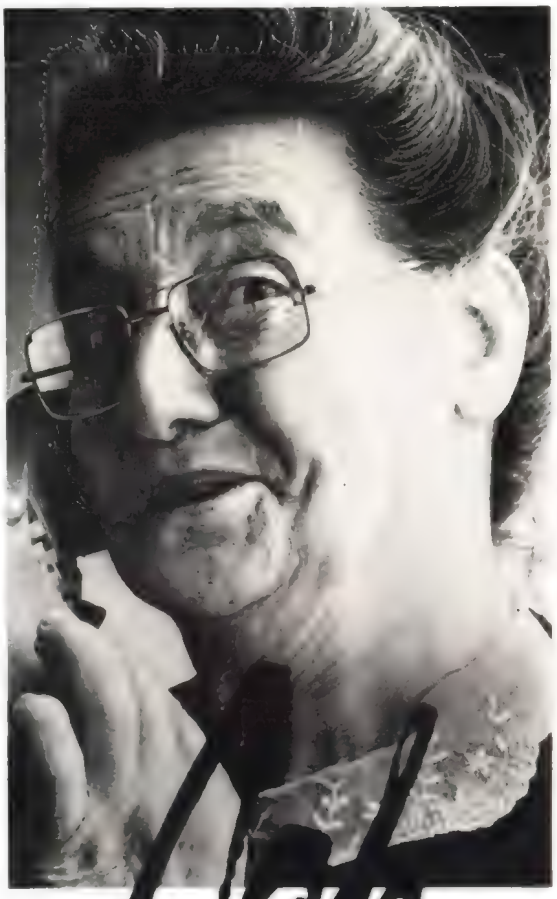

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American Scene

In Louisiana: Jazzman's Last Ride

In traditional procession, a jazz band does a slow dirge down Elysian Fields Avenue

Boom! A cannon shot from the Society Jazz Band bass drum jolts the chattering crowd outside the Gertrude Geddes Willis Funeral Home into a brief silence. The casket is coming out. *Boom!* A second shot signals the stricken cadence of a dirge. The white gloves of the pallbearers flash in the morning sun as they float their burden to the silver-gray Cadillac hearse. The main party of mourners, a score or so, fit themselves into several cars waiting in line.

Boom! Boom!

A cornet sings out the opening tones of a familiar old hymn. Quickly, other voices surge forth, trombones, saxophones, a beseeching clarinet, trumpets, tubas. The sound of *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* throbs across the leafy neighborhood of rundown houses, gas stations, union hall, stores and churches. It is late in the year, but the weather is soft. Just above, on the elevated expressway, traffic whips by, but on the ground the slow beat of the music warps the day's rhythm into a doleful sway.

A jazz funeral is beginning in New Orleans. Though hardly disrespectful, the underlying temper is festive. The reason lies in tradition: when the funeral is done, the streets will explode with jubilant jazz and antic celebration. To see it is to understand what Trumpeter Willie Pajaud meant when he said: "I'd rather play a funeral than eat a turkey dinner."

In New Orleans as far back as memory runs, marching brass bands have always tried to spread a bit of joy after the sorrow of a burial. Every jazz giant in the New Orleans pantheon—Kid Ory, Jelly Roll Morton, Bunk Johnson—developed his art partly by playing for funerals. The king of them all, Louis Armstrong, played a funeral the very day in 1922 when a telegram sent him off to join King Oliver in Chicago and soon onward to world fame.

Years later, in the record *New Orleans Function*, Armstrong recalled the traditional funeral by using *Flee as a Bird* as the processional dirge, *Didn't He Ramble* as a sample of swinging postburial music and an affectionate spoof of graveside eulogy. Says the Rev. Satchmo: "Ashes to ashes/ Dust to dust/ It's too bad old Gate Couldn't have stayed on earth with us." Armstrong never referred to a jazz funeral. Those who have nurtured the tradition speak simply of a funeral "with a band of music." Given New Orleans' love for parades, the outcome, however, is the same—and perhaps inevitable. A musical funeral procession always attracts a crowd much bigger than the main body of mourners, and it is this public aggregation, known as "the second line," that surrenders to a carnival spirit after the band "turns the body loose" (as the musicians put it), and on the homeward march begins rocking the air with solid jive.

The man being laid to rest today was himself a jazzman. Albert Walters was his name. His melodic cornet was heard around town for more than half a century —and is still to be heard on such records as *Albert Walters with the Society Jazz Band* and *West Indies Blues*. Walters taught himself piano as a kid, took up the horn in 1927. He liked to say he was a carpenter by trade but a musician by choice. He appeared now and then with other traditionalists in Preservation Hall, but mostly he worked with Society Jazz. A short, stocky man, widowed several years ago, Walters retired from carpen-

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Therese got involved in campus life right from the start. She has participated in Freshman Weekend, the Newman Club, and student government and is a James Scholar and past president of Beta Gamma Sigma, the business honor society.

Therese also works. Her campus job as a programming assistant provides marketable experience as well as a salary.

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tering but never thought of quitting music. In fact, he had just had his horn reconditioned when he died of a heart attack at 75.

Albert Walters and his cornet took part in countless jazz funerals over the years. Now that his time has come, he is fondly remembered at his own funeral. The voice of English-born Drummer Andrew Hall, leader of Society Jazz: "You know his music had real feeling. He was funny too. He used to stick his finger in his ears while he was playing to check intonation. Said he could hear himself better that way." Tenor Saxophonist Teddy Johnson: "He was always ready for a laugh, always joking, making up nicknames for people. I called him Big Chief." There is wordless comment in the fact that musicians from not only Society Jazz but several other bands (Olympia, Tuxedo) have turned out to make sure that one of their own gets a fitting send-off.

Now a procession forms that fills up two lanes of spacious St. Bernard Avenue. The musicians, a dozen, whose numbers will grow with late arrivals, make a loose formation. The second-liners —young and old, black and white, gen-

Backed by brass, a mourner uncovers

teel and funky, sober and not entirely so —press in upon the band's flanks, spill onto the sidewalks, straggle across the avenue's landscaped divider. Leading it all is a stately, gray-haired man in a frock coat and a silvered, tasseled sash, a spangled umbrella furled under his arm, a top hat held over his heart; and, alongside him, a shorter man, similarly gray and with similar bearing and similar attire. Thanks to confusion resulting from the mix of bands, the procession has wound up with two grand marshals. ("Albert would have laughed at that," Teddy Johnson says later.) Yet the two move as one: in perfect time with the cadence, each meticulously executes a gravely swaying strut. They are undistracted by whimsical second-liners who invade the street to emulate their not quite imitable style.

Boom! Boom!

The procession creeps forward, passing the squat, faded hall of Hod Carriers Local Union 153, a one-story commercial social center (AVAILABLE FOR ANY OCCASION), the New Bethel Missionary Baptist Church, white with green trim. *Lead Me, Savior* has followed *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*, and soon the dirge is *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*. The band is taking up *The Old Rugged Cross* as it comes to a halt under some towering live oaks: the front yard of Corpus Christi Catholic Church.

The deep church bell tolls. The casket passes into the decorous stillness of the vaulted interior, leaving the hundred or so second liners and the musicians outside. The organ plays hymns that would be favorites in any Baptist church: *In the Garden, Just as I Am*. A priest reads from *Job* and speaks of the "gift of music" that Albert Walters had. Funerals like Walters', as William J. Schafer fairly puts it in *Brass Bands and New Orleans Jazz*, are "public acts, theatrical displays designed not to hide burial as a fearful obscenity but to exhibit it as a community act." And the public's participation afterward is "a celebration of life as much as a recognition of the triumph of death."

Boom! As soon as the casket emerges, a bass drum shot shatters the air. The dirge-playing band leads the way up the road toward the cemetery, then separates from the casket. At first it retraces its route by drumbeat alone. Then the trumpet screams forth, the drummers swing out, belted choruses of *The Second Line* assail the sky. The crowd, most of it, becomes a blur of fidgeting feet, twisting torsos, bobbing heads. A corpulent man in an orange shirt spins and dips. An elderly woman executes a scampering step with the help of her cane. An open-shirted youth leaps to the hood of a car and, after a flurry of steps, floats down to earth without breaking his rhythm. Here and there gaudy umbrellas twirl in the air. Faces gleam with sweat and exuberance.

The scene becomes a moil of solo showing off, a gleeful choreographic cadenza that no choreographer could plot. All movement is as spontaneous as the music, which soon rides into *Going to the Mardis Gras* and, at last, into the tune that seems to be everybody's great expectation: *When the Saints Go Marching In*. A young woman in frayed jeans curves backward, in an affront to gravity, all the while clapping her hands, rending the air with throaty singing—"Oh, when the saints ..." At times such carryings-on have been known to get out of hand.

But not today. In half an hour it is over —except for the receding ripples of laughter and neighborly joshing. The musicians mosey by twos and threes toward their cars at the hall. For a moment it is hard to remember the funeral that must by now have ended at the distant cemetery. It is easy, however, to remember Albert Walters. If his days on earth had even a dash of the style of his leaving it, he was no man to be pitied. —*By Frank Trippett*

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Photo by Barry Fitzgerald

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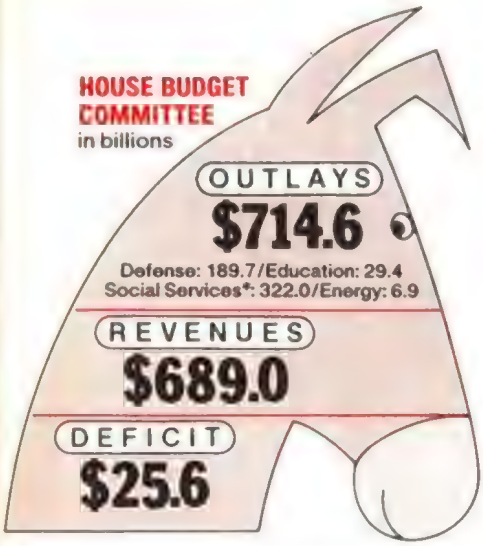
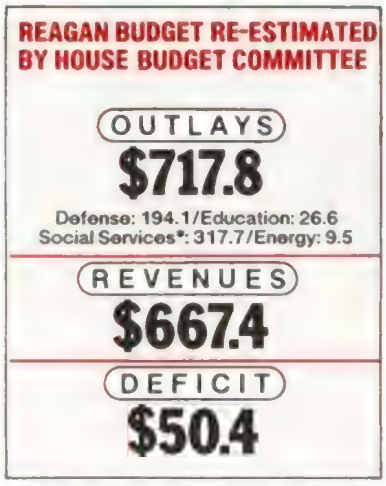




TIME/APRIL 20, 1981

Budget Counterpunch

The Democrats unveil an alternate plan for the economy

In its opening rounds, the Great Budget Battle of 1981 looked like a shadowboxing exhibition in which the Reagan Administration easily prevailed over little more than token opposition. But last week it suddenly seemed to become more of a slugfest, with the outcome in some doubt. The President's program of draconian cuts in spending and taxes came under increasing attack in both houses of Congress, and from both right and left.

In the Republican-controlled Senate, the plan met an unexpected setback. Two weeks ago the Senate had passed, by 88 to 10, a resolution that would reduce expenditures for many federal programs by as much as or even more than Reagan had recommended. But when it came time last week to consider a resolution setting overall spending and revenue targets for fiscal 1982, which starts Oct. 1, the Budget Committee thumbed down the Administration's plan by a vote of 12 to 8. Three conservative Republicans, worried that Reagan's proposal to slash income tax rates by 30% over the next three years would produce enormous, inflationary deficits, joined the Democrats in defeating the bill.

In the Democrat-controlled House, the trouble was both more predictable and more serious. The Democrats last week produced what amounts to a full counterbudget. Its politically appealing main elements: spending reductions that the Democrats say would slightly exceed Reagan's but give more money to social programs and less to defense; and a one-year tax cut some $14 billion smaller and much less sweeping than the President's. The promised results: a deficit in fiscal 1982 only about half the size of the one that Reagan's plan might produce; and a balanced budget by fiscal 1983, a year ahead of the President's schedule.

The Democrats' plan was designed to attract both liberals, who worry that Reagan's cuts in such programs as food stamps and Medicaid would grievously hurt the poor, and conservatives, who are fearful of a tide of red ink stemming from the President's proposed tax slashes. Republicans promptly assailed the program as the product of some highly questionable arithmetic. Nonetheless, the House Budget Committee last week voted 17 to 13 to reject Reagan's spending and revenue estimates and substitute a set prepared by Chairman James Jones of Oklahoma, the principal architect of the counterbudget. Noted Jones: "The Administration says that its budget is untouchable. No Administration has ever made such demands, and no Congress has ever accepted such demands." Only one Democrat, archconservative Phil Gramm of Texas, sided with the twelve Republicans in support of the President. Thus when Congress broke on Friday for a two-week Easter recess, the President's figures had been challenged by the budget committees of both legislative chambers.

That is far from the end of the story, however. All this occurred while the President was incapacitated and unable to exert his distinctive persuasiveness. Many on Capitol Hill feel that the setbacks are reversible. The White House will certainly try to arm-twist Republican defectors on the Senate Budget Committee back into line. Moreover, in a House floor vote expected in late April or early May, some 40 conservative Democrats who hold the balance of power may yet vote for a set of spending and revenue estimates closer to the President's figures than to those of their own party. House Speaker Tip O'Neill conceded last week that the Democrats are launching their counterbudget "at an inopportune time," when sympathy is rising for a President recuperating from an assassination attempt. In a visit to Reagan's hospital bed, O'Neill reported that his mail, which had swung against the White House budget before the assassination attempt, had turned pro again and added, "Mr. President, you're making my life miserable." Replied Reagan, in the same joshing spirit: "That's the best news I've heard today."

On the other hand, as last week's committee votes demonstrated, admiration for the President's courage does not automatically translate into congressional votes for his tax and spending cuts, even among Republicans. The White House is also handicapped by Reagan's inability while convalescing to continue his highly effective personal selling campaign for his program. Thus Reagan may have to make some unforeseen compromises, especially

House Democratic leaders outline their alternatives: Rostenkowski explaining tax plans; Jones discoursing on spending cuts

on his tax plans, to get the main elements of his program passed.

After long consultations among House leaders, the Democrats' counter-program was spelled out last week in two documents. One was a 236-page "chairman's mark" by House Budget Committee Chairman Jones, detailing spending recommendations. The other was a Chicago speech by Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois, chairman of the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee, giving the outline of a tax plan.

In a way, the Democrats' program paid an ironic tribute to the change in the political climate wrought by Reagan's landslide election and the vigor of his budget blitz. The two documents are far more conservative than any group of Democrats would have approved even in January. Jones himself admits, "It really isn't a radical departure from the President's program." But the Democrats are trying to reverse the two parties' traditional roles by painting themselves as the champions of budget balancing and by picturing the Republicans as irresponsible tax slashers who are voicing "faith in the fiscal equivalent of faith in a free lunch," to quote the "statement of principles" adopted by House Democrats last week. Still the program does keep faith with party ideology —and constituents. Details:

SPENDING. Reagan had recommended spending cuts of $48.6 billion in fiscal 1982, reducing total outlays to $695.3 billion and, after some $54 billion in tax cuts, leaving a deficit of $45 billion. The House Budget Committee staff calculated, however, that expenditures would actually total $717.8 billion and the deficit $50.4 billion. Along with many non-Government forecasters, the committee staff does not expect inflation, interest and unemployment rates to come down quite as rapidly as the President predicts. Jones recommends holding expenditures to $714.6 billion. That would ax spending by $3.2 billion more than Reagan would, at least by Jones' arithmetic. Even allowing for a $40 billion tax reduction, the Democrats' plan, claims Jones, would almost halve Reagan's proposed deficit, to $25.6 billion.

Jones accepted, by his own estimate, 75% of Reagan's expenditure-slashing proposals, including some of the most celebrated: for example, wiping out the CETA public service jobs program and reducing federal grants that enable states to offer extended benefits to the unemployed. The heart of the difference over the remaining 25% is a matter of priorities. Jones originally recommended spending $4.4 billion less for defense next fiscal year than Reagan would, largely by canceling a 5.3% military pay increase due July 1; conservative Democrats would not go along, so he dropped the idea. The committee did agree to provide $7 billion more than Reagan for social programs, although most of these programs would still be cut severely. Some samples: food-stamp and child-nutrition spending would be reduced by $1 billion each, *vs.* Reagan's recommendations of $1.7 billion and $2.1 billion; federal aid to elementary and secondary education would be sliced 10%, *vs.* Reagan's 25%; the Legal Services Corporation, which provides free counsel to the poor in civil cases and which Reagan wants to kill, would be saved but its funding slashed by $121 million, or more than a third. The only significant Reagan recommendation that Jones rejected totally was the President's proposal to save $1.5 billion by putting a "cap" on federal contributions to finance Medicaid.

At a White House press conference, David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, accused the Democrats of "singing the same old tune of higher spending," and Treasury Secretary Donald Regan added, "They've seen the light but they want to stay in the tunnel." They had a point: to preserve funds for social programs, the Democrats are relying in part on other "savings" that seem highly questionable. Among them: $4.9 billion to be pared "by elimination of waste and mismanagement," a hoary promise rarely if ever fulfilled; and $1.5 billion to be recovered from oil companies that allegedly overcharged the public. Still the Democrats are agreeable to spending cuts of roughly the size that Reagan wants; economically, if not politically, that is more important than the question of who bears the burden of those cuts. And the White House knows it. Says one aide: "We're going to be working on a compromise somewhere between 75% of what we want and 100% of what we want. That's a long way from January, when skeptics wondered if Congress would go along with any significant cuts at all."

TAXES. Rostenkowski outlined a plan that was ingeniously crafted, in his words, to "strike that essential political and economic balance [necessary] to pass Congress." While many details are yet to be filled in, the plan seemingly contains something for almost everybody. For business, savings in depreciation write-offs slightly larger than those Reagan proposes. For the rich, an immediate cut in the top tax rate on "unearned" income (dividends, interest, rents) from 70% to 50%, an idea that the Reagan Administration once considered proposing. For the middle class, cuts in income tax rates that would primarily benefit people earning $20,000 to $50,000 a year; and an easing of the "marriage penalty," which now compels many working couples to pay more tax on their combined incomes than they would if they were single and filing separately. For the poor, an increase, as yet unspecified, in the lowest amount of income on which federal taxes are levied. Says Rostenkowski: "This is not a Democratic package. It is a consensus package. It gives a greater share of the tax cut to middle income families and has a stronger obligation to protect the working poor."

The net cost to the Government would be roughly $40 billion for one year, *vs.* some $54 billion initially under Reagan's plan. Besides that, Rostenkowski claimed that his plan would do more than Reagan's to stimulate the savings and investment that the economy needs if it is to

resume noninflationary growth. Under Reagan's plan, in this view, it can only be hoped that Americans would save a large portion of income tax cuts rather than spend the money in inflationary consumption. Rostenkowski argued that his plan contains provisions specifically targeted to encourage saving. One is a proposal to increase the amount of annual income that a worker not covered by a company pension plan can save in a tax-sheltered individual retirement account (IRA) from $1,500 to $2,000, and to extend IRA opportunities to employees with pension plans who want an extra retirement cushion.

Although congressional Republicans did not participate in the drafting of Rostenkowski's "consensus" plan, many of them privately prefer it to Reagan's program, which they too fear would spur inflationary deficits. One example of how deep that fear runs: the Senate Budget Committee last week estimated that Reagan's spending and tax plans taken together would produce a near record $60 billion deficit in fiscal 1982, or $10 billion above even Jones' figure. That chilling estimate prompted the three conservative Republicans to bolt. Said Defector William Armstrong of Colorado: "The only way we could salve our consciences and vote for the '82 [Reagan] budget was to show credibly that we were on the path to a balanced budget. We are not on that path."

For the time being, the Administration is united in holding out for its own plan. But if congressional skepticism about the President's tax plan persists, the Administration may face a nasty dilemma. Some White House advisers are privately prepared to compromise on taxes. But "supply side" hard-liners view the Reagan program as a seamless whole that cannot be substantially altered without its effectiveness being ruined. As they see it, only Reagan's across-the-board tax cuts, and the assurance that they will continue into the future, will give all sectors of the population the incentive to work, save and invest. Says Assistant Treasury Secretary Paul Craig Roberts: "You simply don't generate sufficient long-term confidence with any one-year plan. What you're saying is that you don't really believe in cutting taxes or in the plan itself. Business won't invest on that basis."

In this view, deep spending cuts and a one-year modest tax reduction could result in the worst of all possible economic worlds: an inflationary recession. Thus some economic advisers are telling the White House to fight to the end for its tax plan—at the very time that the Administration is having trouble countering Democratic strategy and keeping its own conservative troops in line. The outlook is not only for a long argument in Congress, but divided counsel within the Administration. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir chatting with guest of honor at Jerusalem banquet

The Vicar Goes Abroad

Short on policy but long on style, Haig tries to rally our allies

"The true measure of my effectiveness is going to be what we accomplish. When the report card is rendered, it's going to be rendered on substance." So said Secretary of State Alexander Haig as he began a whirlwind, nine-day trip through the Middle East and Europe. As he spoke, Haig was still smarting from his confrontation with the White House over the selection of Vice President George Bush as "crisis manager," and his ill-received "I'm in control" television appearance shortly after the assassination attempt against President Ronald Reagan. Thus Haig looked upon his first overseas trip as Secretary of State not only as an opportunity to sound out Middle East leaders, but also as a chance to refurbish his image. Haig's journey was just one part of the Administration's road show: Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger was in Europe last week attending a meeting of the Nuclear Planning Group of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

As the Administration admits, there is currently no real Reagan-Haig Middle East policy other than a general commitment to extending the Camp David accords. Policy will remain in a holding pattern until after the President's recovery, and until after Israel's national elections on June 30. Thus Haig's mission was primarily to position himself as a trustworthy spokesman for the Administration, and to articulate Reagan's view that Soviet expansionism represents as great a threat to the stability of the Middle East as the unresolved issue of Palestinian autonomy. Haig argued that nations in the region, including Israel, should form a "strategic consensus" to counter that Soviet danger. "We aren't adopting any particular priority," said Haig. "What we are emphasizing is that these issues are interrelated because clearly a failure to achieve progress in the peace process offers the Soviet Union troubled waters in which to fish."

The report card on Haig's trip, however, showed mixed grades. The Secretary clearly impressed the leaders of the four Middle East countries he visited —Egypt, Israel, Jordan and Saudi Arabia —with his forthright style and grasp of issues. Haig was decidedly less successful in pushing for his strategic consensus. At the end of his swing through the Middle East, Haig confidently stated that "I don't know at any stop where consensus was not agreed to and arrived at." In fact, the Secretary heard dissonant notes from leaders of all four nations.

The trip did not begin propitiously for Haig: he was already miffed that Weinberger had commandeered Air Force 86970—the posh 707 used by Henry Kissinger when he was Secretary of State. Once aboard his own 707 jet, however, Haig plunged into work, poring over thick briefing books throughout the trip as his wife Patricia sat across from him.

Egypt was the first stop on his itinerary. Haig met with Sadat for two hours at the Egyptian leader's villa outside Cairo and declared that Sadat's "strategic appraisal closely coincides with President Reagan's own world views." Nonetheless, the Egyptian President would not make a formal agreement allowing the U.S. to utilize the Red Sea air and naval base at Tas Banas. Sadat has offered to let American troops use the facilities temporarily, but Washington would prefer a written contract before spending the $106 million needed for modernization.

Yet Haig was heartened by one important concession from Sadat: if, as expected, the United Nations Security Council does not approve an international

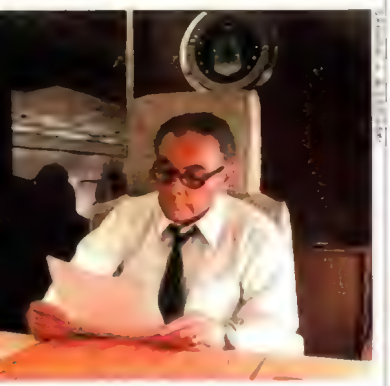
eace-keeping force to patrol the Sinai eninsula after Israel completes its withrawal next year, U.S. troops will be perıitted to help patrol the area. Haig asıred Sadat that the American troops ould make up no more than half of the ,000- to 4,000-man force and would not e deployed elsewhere in the Middle East.

n Jerusalem, Haig met with Prime Minister Menachem Begin for 4½ hours and reakfasted with Shimon Peres and Abba ban, leaders of the opposition Labor coılition. Haig found the Israelis warmly reeptive to his strategic views. Said Begin f Haig's anti-Soviet clarion call: "It is ot an artificial alarm. The free world is ırinking and is in permanent danger." laig also pleased his Israeli hosts by deouncing the Syrian assault on Christian halangists in Lebanon last week as bru—an apparent reversal of longstanding .S. policy to remain neutral in the fesering Lebanese conflict.

The only point on which Haig and ıe Israelis publicly disagreed was the lanned sale of five American AWACs, raar early-warning aircraft, to Saudi Araia. The Israelis fear that the AWACs, hich are capable of tracking aircraft up 250 miles away, would be used to spy n their own air force. Said Eban: "The WACs would lay Israel naked to Arab yes in the sky." Haig argued that armg Saudi Arabia was necessary to ensure verall security in the Persian Gulf and iat Riyadh would be required to agree ot to use the planes against Israel. Nevrtheless, supporters of Israel will probbly try to block the sale when it comes p for a vote in Congress later this month.

At an official dinner hosted by Foign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, Haig oked some fun at his own troubles with the Administration. In a toast to Shaır, Haig told the guests that he had been uzzled by exactly what it meant to be vicar" of foreign policy. Cyrus Vance told im it meant being alone with the Presient three times a week. Henry Kissinger aid it meant that when he was alone with ıe President and the hot line rings, the resident tells Mr. Brezhnev, "I'm busy ow. Can you call back later?"

"But I can do better than that," Haig



Working on the plane en route to London
Search for a "strategic consensus."

© A. WARREN

Meeting with Saudi Arabia's Foreign Minister Prince Saud in Riyadh

told the crowd. "When I'm in the Oval Office and the hot line rings, the President frowns, looks at me and says, 'It's for you.'" The crowd roared with laughter. Then, with exquisite timing, Haig added to even louder laughter: "Unless it's a crisis. Then the Vice President gets it."

In Amman, Haig made little headway in his talks with King Hussein. A longtime opponent of the Camp David accords, Hussein refused to confer privately with Haig and insisted on including his advisers in the two-hour meeting; as a member of Hussein's court put it, "The King wanted witnesses." The Jordanian ruler bluntly told Haig that "Israeli intransigence" on the Palestinian problem posed the greatest threat to peace and called for Israel's total withdrawal from occupied Arab land. "We see two dangers —Soviet as well as Israeli expansionism," said a Hussein adviser. "If the Americans want the Arabs to help them confront the first danger, why don't the Americans help us solve the second?"

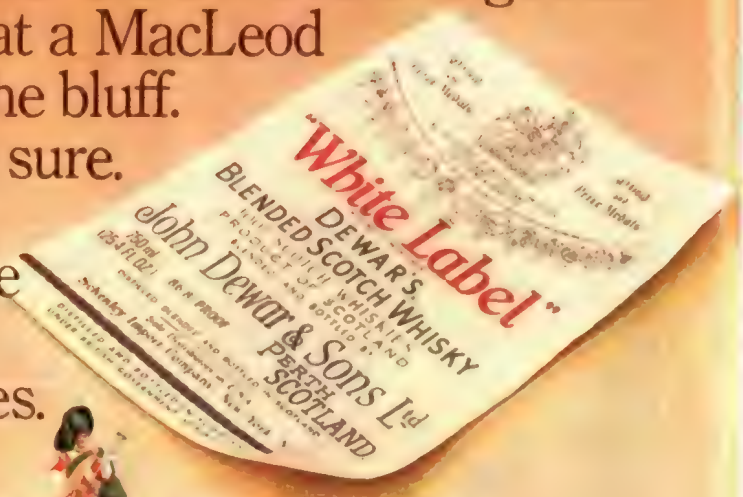
Haig also received a less than enthusiastic response from Saudi leaders. In Riyadh, Haig met for 3½ hours with Crown Prince Fahd, Minister of Defense Prince Sultan and Foreign Minister Prince Saud; he also spent an hour with King Khalid. The Saudis were clearly pleased by the Administration's willingness to sell them the five AWACs, but they politely disagreed with Haig's contention after the talks that a "convergence of views" had occurred. Declared Foreign Minister Saud: "The kingdom of Saudi Arabia regards Israel as the principal cause of instability and insecurity in the region."

As Haig jetted off to consult officials in Rome, Madrid, London, Paris and Bonn, there was some concern that the Secretary of State—indeed, the Reagan Administration itself—might be engaging in verbal overkill in warning about the dangers of Soviet expansionism. In his meeting with Israeli officials in Jerusalem, for example, Haig speculated that the Soviet Union might have inspired the Syrian assault in Lebanon possibly to divert attention from the Polish crisis. The consensus of Western diplomats in the Middle East is that the Syrians acted on their own.

Equally disturbing was Weinberger's suggestion, before leaving on his European trip, that the U.S. might consider selling arms to China if the Soviets invaded Poland. Asked to clarify, Weinberger cryptically replied, "There's no linkage yet." Even that response seemed injudicious and ill-timed: Moscow might seize on the threat of a U.S.-China arms deal as one more excuse to invade Poland, and any weapons the U.S. might provide would barely dent the Soviets' overwhelming military superiority to China.

Weinberger also raised eyebrows and hackles in Europe by portraying détente as an unmitigated failure for the West from the very beginning. In a speech in Bonn, he argued that the Soviets had taken advantage of détente to boost their own defenses, adding that "if the movement from cold war to détente is progress, then let me say we cannot afford much more progress." In Rome he denounced the "prison wall" that separates East and West Germany as the "great monument to Soviet imperialism," and noted that it had been "reinforced at great expense during the last few years, when people in the West thought we had a period of détente." The crudity of the message disturbed Weinberger's European hosts, who believe that détente has produced certain benefits, not the least of them being increased communication and access across that wall. Weinberger's statements were only the latest examples of a tendency on the part of Reagan Administration officials to overreact rhetorically to the legitimate threat of Soviet expansionism —perhaps even at the risk of losing its audience. *—By James Kelly. Reported by Gregory H. Wierzynski with Haig*

IT'S BEEN CENTURIES
since the Vikings stormed out
of a mist at the Isle of Skye.
But there are mornings still
that a MacLeod
walks the bluff.
Just to make sure.



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Reagan Is Doing Fine

But he will have to ease back into full-time command

The President's fever was gone and his lung unclogged. Slightly gaunt, but on the mend, he padded last week at half speed around his hospital room. Then at week's end Ronald Reagan was driven in a limousine from George Washington University Hospital back home to the White House. Awaiting him there were some 75,000 letters and telegrams, several meadows' worth of flowers and an even ton of jelly beans.

The national surge of relief may have raised too far and fast expectations about the speed of Reagan's recovery. For at least a month, his presidential duties will remain pared to the minimum, and until well into summer the U.S. may have a part-time Commander-in-Chief.

Says a top aide of his boss: "He knows that he will have to slowly work to get his strength back." Nancy Reagan rushed along the redecoration of the White House solarium in anticipation of her husband's homebound days. The President will probably not leave the family quarters this week, but the only medical care he now requires is penicillin pills, daily checks of his temperature and blood pressure and thrice-weekly chest X rays. His work load last week was limited to two hours a day. For the time being, Reagan's daily official meetings, outside of those with his staff, will be kept to one or two. Says Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver: "We're going to take it easy."

Fortunately, perhaps, Reagan has always parceled out authority. Even before the shooting, three members of his staff —Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, Chief of Staff James Baker, and Deaver —had achieved a kind of supereminence. With restrictions on the President's time for months to come, this troika's power will grow more entrenched. It remains to be seen how well this apparatus would serve if events called for a 24-hour-a-day President.

Last week was generous to the convalescing President. There was no festering political problem, no diplomatic crisis —although Reagan did draft a message to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev warning him against an invasion of Poland. Even if Reagan had not lain wounded, his official obligations would have been slight. One of those chores was rich with irony —Reagan formally proclaimed next Sunday the beginning of Victims' Rights Week. Said the country's most prominent criminal prey: "Only victims truly know the trauma crime can produce."

Reagan described his own victimization to a pair of FBI agents who were piecing together an official picture of the assassination attempt. They were among a stream of visitors who made Reagan's schedule seem chockablock with appointments. Said Hospital Spokesman Dr Dennis O'Leary: "He likes visitors more than his doctors do." Baker, Deaver and Meese arrived together at 7:15 every morning and spent 15 or 20 minutes supplying a distilled overview of the day's business. Nancy Reagan arrived in time for lunch, and remained at the hospital until 9 at night, slipping in and out between meetings and medical tests. In all, the President received about two dozen well-wishers last week, including Daughter Maureen. Reagan will miss her wedding if it is held as scheduled in Los Angeles next week; meanwhile, he has postponed a state visit to Mexico set for a few days later.

Especially worrisome to Reagan's lieutenants, however, is his absence from the battle for the Administration's economic program. The President was to have gone on the hustings this spring, in state legislatures and citizens' meetings, rounding up popular support for his proposed budget and tax cuts. His convalescence has scrubbed what would have been the campaign's canny opening salvo —Reagan appealing on network television for the tax cut, just as taxes came due. Said one political adviser: "There is no question we are handicapped with the President laid up." The most prominent surrogate campaigner available is Vice President George Bush, who substituted for Reagan in announcing a White House plan to ease air-quality and safety regulations on automobiles (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS). But Bush is no match for his boss as a political salesman. Said one uncharitable White House aide: "I forgot how miserable Bush is on television. He's got all the punch of Jerry Ford."

Charismatic or not, Bush continued to acquire respect within the White House as a consummate team player. Said one Reagan intimate: "He has enhanced himself. He didn't rub anybody the wrong way." Indeed, Bush has scrupulously avoided filling in for Reagan when to do so might smack of usurpation: for instance, he sits in his own chair—not the President's—at Cabinet meetings. Nonetheless, Bush has remained unusually well apprised of national security details since Reagan's shooting—more current, in fact, than the hospital-bound President.

Reagan's fellow victims were also on their separate roads to recovery. Secret Service Agent Timothy McCarthy left the hospital headed for a month's R. and R. in Acapulco. Washington Policeman Thomas Delahanty was not seriously wounded in the shooting. But surgeons last week removed a bullet from his neck, necessitating a longer hospital stay. Delahanty had his homecoming Saturday.

Presidential Press Secretary James Brady, the most gravely injured, was able to sit up and converse last week, doctors said, but may require a year to recuperate. His doctors hope that he will recover the "majority" of his mental capacity and 90% of his physical. But they worry about a "flattening" of his personality, since the bullet partly lobotomized Brady's brain. Said Dr. O'Leary: "It is possible he could walk with a cane. We do not," he added, "expect miracles."

The President, thanks to his remarkable physical constitution, has apparently been spared complications. Besides the six-inch scar on his left side, Reagan's only hospital vestige will be a bill—to be paid by insurance for federal employees injured on the job. —***By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington***

DIRCK HALSTEAD

The President arrives home from the hospital amid White House well-wishers

Rest in the solarium, delegated authority and minimum duties.

Magnum-Force Lobby

The N.R.A. is the toughest gun in town

Rows of keypunch operators sit in the marble and granite eight-story office of the National Rifle Association in Washington, feeding information into humming computers. Each of the association's 1.8 million members is recorded by zip code, congressional district and past support for the N.R.A. The voting records of Congressmen and Senators, and their answers to an 18-question N.R.A. loyalty test, are also tabulated —and graded from A to F. When there is a battle to be waged, the press of a button can send Mailgrams to loyalists around the country. Within hours, Mailgrams and letters from supporters are on their way to Washington—rallying, cajoling and threatening the legislators.

Among the nation's hyperactive special interest groups, from doctors to dairy farmers, none is as effective as the gun lobby in combining slick organization with membership zeal to create the perception of power on a single issue. For nearly 13 years, the N.R.A. and compatriot gun groups have successfully fought every attempt to strengthen the feeble Gun Control Act, passed after the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. Now, in the wake of the shooting of President Reagan, the lobby is ready to ward off another wave of proposed gun laws. Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts and Congressman Peter Rodino of New Jersey last week introduced a bill that would ban the import, manufacture and sale of cheap, easily concealable handguns, known as "Saturday night specials," and require a three-week wait between the purchase and pickup of any handgun. Not only does the gun lobby have its cross hairs set to shoot that bill down; gun lobbyists even hope to pass a gun bill of their own that would riddle existing federal firearm regulations with as many holes as a road sign used for target practice.

The gun lobby believes that the right to bear arms is essential to individual freedom and safety and is absolutely guaranteed by the Second Amendment to the Constitution. This dedication produces a for-us-or-against-us bunker mentality that provokes unremitting opposition to any politician whose support is less than total. Early in his career, former South Dakota Senator George McGovern favored banning small handguns, but in the face of N.R.A. pressure, he ended up supporting efforts to de-

Chief Lobbyist Knox at N.R.A. headquarters

control gun purchases. Nevertheless, the gun lobby last fall threw its support, and more than $30,000, behind his successful pro-gun opponent, Republican James Abdnor. Says McGovern: "I think they're crazy, I really do. They think the most important issue in the country is to be able to walk around with a pair of six-shooters. It's maddening to reason with them."

The lobby's alarmist attitude sometimes leads it to trample on the truth by distorting an opponent's positions. Says Republican Congressman Robert McClory of Illinois, who supports handgun controls: "They misrepresent my stand completely. They invariably charge that I'm trying to take their guns away, and I'm not." Kennedy—the target of an N.R.A.-backed $205,000 campaign last year opposing his bid for the Democratic presidential nomination—spent much of his time trying to explain that the N.R.A. was wrong in charging that he favored the confiscation of hunting weapons. Says Kennedy: "There is no question that they tried to distort my views."

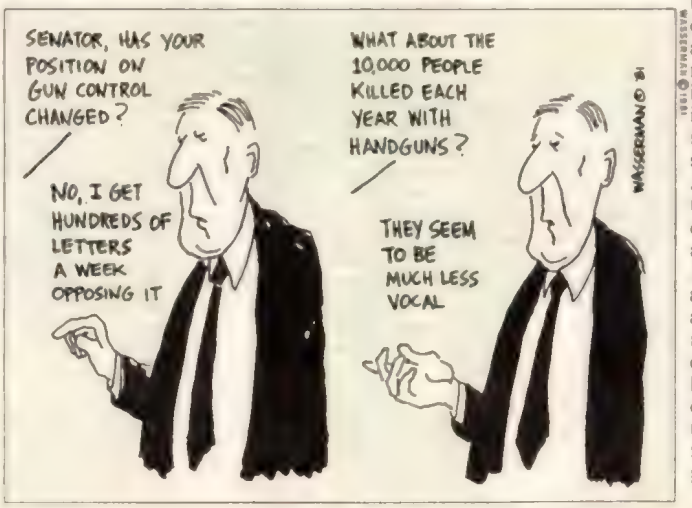
Understandably, there are not all that many politicians with the courage to buck the gun lobby. Gerald Ford originally favored a ban on cheap handguns but backed down in the 1976 presidential election. Former Democratic Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana was a chief sponsor of gun-control legislation in the mid-'70s; like McGovern, he ended up supporting an N.R.A.-backed bill to loosen controls when his 1980 campaign drew near—and, like McGovern, he was defeated.

Some examples of the gun lobby's tenacious success:

▸ In 1975, Congressman Marty Russo of Illinois, who has somehow survived gun-lobby attacks, sponsored a bill to ban concealable weapons. After the House Judiciary Committee, on a close vote, approved the bill one Thursday, a high-caliber barrage of telegrams was unleashed over the weekend. Result: on Monday the bill was reconsidered in committee and defeated.

▸ As part of a legislative package to fight terrorism, Congress considered requiring manufacturers of explosives to put tiny color-coded chips into their products to help in tracing the source of terrorist bombs. Partly out of fear that any kind of controls could be a first step to restricting the use of gunpowders, the lobby fought the proposal on the ostensible ground that it would make the explosives dangerous for use in old-fashioned muskets. The bill was narrowly defeated in committee last June.

▸ In 1978, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) proposed a series of regulations to make it easier to trace guns used in crimes. Within two months, the gun lobby marshaled 350,000 letters to ATF, many claiming that the bureau was planning to confiscate all firearms. The author of the regulations, Richard Davis, was called a "liar and perjurer" in an N.R.A. magazine and received harassing phone calls. Says he: "They make life so hard that you just don't want to mess with them any more." Congress forced ATF to drop the proposal.



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of the gun lobby can also be seen whenever a bill is proposed in state legislatures. In Missouri, for example, a proposal was made to ban private handgun sales. At the hearings on April 1, only two people showed up to testify in favor of the ban. But the N.R.A. corralled 6,000 fervent opponents to converge on the capital, Jefferson City (pop. 57,000), jamming traffic into town. Willis Corbett, the N.R.A. regional representative, said such a bill was "dangerous." At a public hearing on a New Jersey bill that would ban handguns, held the day after Reagan was shot, 600 gun enthusiasts packed the hearing room. Explains one N.R.A. field representative, Lewis Elliott of Colorado: "Ours is a grass-roots effort. Instead of paying a lobbyist, we just use the people."

In fact, at the federal level, the N.R.A. has five full-time lobbyists, a group headed by Neal Knox, a sharp-penned columnist for various gun magazines. They are well-informed, savvy professionals, but occasionally their zeal exasperates, rather than impresses, even congressional allies. Last fall, the N.R.A. repeatedly tried to attach a bill loosening gun regulations onto a proposed, long-overdue revision of the federal criminal code. Several senatorial supporters of the N.R.A., including Republicans Paul Laxalt of Nevada and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, were upset at the tactic, fearing that years of work on the code would be sunk by this extra weight. Neither the new code nor the N.R.A. bill ever made it to a Senate vote. Two other N.R.A. supporters, Republican Robert Dole of Kansas and Democrat Sam Nunn of Georgia, were annoyed by the lobby's relentless but ultimately unsuccessful effort to block the confirmation last fall of former Illinois Congressman Abner Mikva, a strong gun-control advocate, as a federal judge.

Mikva, who survived six years of N.R.A. targeting, is cited as proof that the awesome aura projected by the gun lobby may be illusory when it comes to wielding votes rather than merely Mailgrams. Mikva feels that the best way to defeat what he calls a "paper tiger" is to stand up to it. Congressman Russo agrees: "The N.R.A. is indeed a paper tiger. I was their No. 1 target. Yet I've won by bigger margins every election." But the defeated McGovern ruefully dissents: "Keep in mind that Ab Mikva comes from Chicago. No way is anyone from Montana or South Dakota going to agree that the N.R.A. is a paper tiger."

The N.R.A.'s muscle will be tested again this year. The Kennedy-Rodino measure—which N.R.A. Executive John Acquilino calls "probably the most bullshit bill ever proposed"—faces the prospect of early defeat, but the N.R.A. is nevertheless gearing up for a big battle. One reason for the heavy mobilization is to rally support for a bill sponsored by Senator James McClure of Idaho and Congressman Harold Volkmer of Missouri. Supporters of the measure—which would ease restrictions on the interstate sales of guns—considered introducing it two weeks ago, but held off when Reagan was shot. No one seriously doubts that once the public outcry over the assassination attempt dies down, the bill will show up on the docket. Obedient to the tide of Mailgrams, hundreds of Congressmen will do their best to see that it becomes law. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

Leading the Call to Arms

Founded in 1871, the National Rifle Association is by far the most powerful component of America's gun lobby. With an annual budget of $30 million a year and a paid staff of 275, it coordinates a network of 54 state groups and 9,000 local gun clubs. Half of its money comes from dues (minimum annual fee: $15) and 15% from advertising, mainly by weapons manufacturers, in its monthly magazines *American Rifleman*, the *American Hunter* and the *American Marksman*.

The N.R.A. says it spends $4 million a year on direct lobbying, which does not include such grass-roots efforts as letter writing campaigns and appearances by its members at legislative hearings. Through its "political victory fund," the N.R.A. last year contributed $500,000 to political campaigns. (Reagan received $47,486.)

Says Billy Chapman, a former N.R.A. membership director who operates a gun store in a suburb of Kansas City, Kans.: "The average N.R.A. member is the average American citizen—a family man in his early 30s with just over two children, a home and two cars." In many areas, it is known more for its marksmanship competitions and outdoor recreational programs than for its political activities. Adds Jack Ludwig, past secretary of the Cincinnati Muzzle-Loading Rifle Club, an N.R.A. affiliate: "It is a very old and honorable organization that does a lot of good for shooters and hunters. If you are interested in cars, you join a car club. If you're interested in guns, you join a gun club."

In the mid-'70s the N.R.A. leadership tried to keep the association from becoming primarily a political pressure group, and even decided to move the organization's headquarters out of Washington, D.C. But a coup led by zealous gun-law opponents at the 1977 N.R.A. convention rescinded the move and replaced all of the group's leaders. The new regime, dedicated to hard-line political action, is headed by Harlon Carter, a former Border Patrol official. The N.R.A. is currently conducting a membership drive, in hopes of swelling its ranks to 2 million by the time of the annual meeting next month in Denver.

In 1971 a group of gun enthusiasts who feared that the N.R.A. was not diligent enough in its opposition to gun-control laws formed the Citizen's Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms. Led by Lobbyist John ("Magnum") Snyder, a former Jesuit seminarian, the committee has nearly 300,000 members and a $1.7 million annual budget. Its monthly newsletter is called *Point Blank*. Another N.R.A. spin-off is the Second Amendment Foundation, named after the Bill of Rights provision that guarantees citizens the right to bear arms. A fourth gun lobby, the Gun Owners of America Political Action Committee, was founded in 1975 by California State Senator H.L. Richardson. The organization, which has 350,000 members, has helped raise $5 million to support and oppose candidates across the nation.

The main opponent of these groups is a fledgling lobby called Handgun Control Inc., which was founded by former Du Pont Executive Nelson Shields III after his 23-year-old son became a victim of San Francisco's "Zebra" killings in 1974. In the wake of the murders last December of Musician John Lennon and Author-Cardiologist Michael Halberstam,* membership jumped from 90,000 to 130,000. Sacks of mail, including donations, were arriving last week at the organization's Washington headquarters in response to ads taken out after the Reagan shooting. Handgun Control Inc. now has its own political action committee, a lobbyist and a computerized mailing list—and hopes to copy the successful strategy of the N.R.A.

*Halberstam's killer, Bernard Welch, was convicted by a Washington jury last week.

The Five-Star G.I.'s General

Omar Nelson Bradley: 1893-1981

In 1943 Major General Omar Bradley arrived at the Tunisian front to serve as field adviser to his onetime West Point classmate Dwight Eisenhower. Bradley at 50 was a career officer who had never seen a day of action on the battlefield. Yet during the next two years, he was to lead American soldiers through some of the bloodiest fighting of World War II —the final defeat of the Germans' Afrika Korps, the invasion of Sicily, and, as commander of the U.S. First Army, the historic Normandy invasion. In 1945, after the Allies' near defeat at the Battle of the Bulge, Bradley led the sweep across the Rhine and the meeting of U.S. and Soviet troops at the Elbe. He was by then commander of the Twelfth Army Group, a mass of 1.3 million troops that formed the largest American force ever united under one man's command.

At West Point

In the memories of those who served under him, Omar Nelson Bradley always remained "the G.I.'s general." He was a tireless infantry leader who seemed to be everywhere at once. Dressed in a grimy old trench coat, his fatigues stuffed into his boots, "Brad" would frequently abandon his desk at headquarters for flights to the front in a Piper Cub. There, he insisted on inspecting everything from forward outposts to latrines. Though not noted for eloquence, he enjoyed addressing the troops in his flat Missouri twang, and he gave them plain talk. "Fellows like me have been in this business a long time," he told a unit being trained for the D-day invasion. "And you know we wouldn't be arranging this unless we were fairly sure it would work."

It did work, of course, largely because Bradley was—in sharp contrast to flamboyant General George S. Patton Jr.—a methodical, textbook commander who shunned flashy or risky tactics. Instead, he trusted meticulous preparation for slow, cautious assaults that held a solid chance of success. When a fellow officer, Major General William B. Kean Jr., expressed a mild worry about the awesome task of planning for the Normandy invasion, Bradley replied: "But, Bill, who in the Army knows more about it than we do?"

The son of a schoolteacher and a seamstress from central Missouri, Bradley found the prospect of going to college too expensive after graduating from high school. Instead, he took the advice of his Sunday school superintendent and applied for admission to West Point. He graduated in 1915, 44th in a class of 164; among his classmates were 30 officers —including Ike—who served as generals in World War II.

Honored at Washington dinner in 1972

Bradley held 28 different Army posts while working his way up through a series of teaching, training and administrative assignments. After the war, his fellow Missourian Harry Truman nominated Bradley as the first postwar head of the Veterans Administration and then, in 1949, as first Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In that position, Bradley was awarded the fifth star, accorded to a General of the Army, a title held by only four other men since the Civil War: George Marshall, Douglas MacArthur, Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold and Eisenhower.

After two terms as head of the Joint Chiefs, Bradley later joined the Bulova Watch Co. and served as its chairman from 1958 until stepping down in 1973. The old soldier spent his last four years at Fort Bliss in Texas, where he sometimes lectured on leadership. In accepting West Point's highest honor, the Sylvanus Thayer Award, in 1973, Bradley reflected on the low prestige of the military after the Viet Nam War. "The profession of arms is often a lonely profession. It is misunderstood by many. My wife has called me a warrior who hates war. I am sure that is true of all of us."

By act of Congress, five-star generals cannot retire, and thus Bradley served 69 years on active duty—longer than any other soldier in U.S. history. Although largely confined to a wheelchair by arthritis in recent years, he served as grand marshal of Ronald Reagan's Inauguration parade last January. Bradley flew to Manhattan last week to attend a dinner in his honor given by the New York chapter of the Association of the United States Army. Shortly after the ceremonies were completed, the G.I.'s general died, of cardiac arrest, at the age of 88. ■

With Patton, left, and Britain's Montgomery in France before the end of World War II

The master of a lonely profession and a warrior who hated war

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Premier Jaruzelski before the Polish parliament last week

Party Boss Kania listening to the tough message

World

POLAND

A Conditional Reprieve

Moscow grants more time—and the Premier draws the line

"How many times must we stand on the brink of the precipice? What assurances do we have that one day we shall not fall into the abyss?" Even as he posed that grave question before Warsaw's parliament last week, Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski once again implored his fellow Poles to end the labor turmoil that has crippled the country for eight months and brought it perilously close to a Soviet invasion. This time the four-star general put teeth into his appeal by demanding a legislated, two-month ban against all strikes. Otherwise, Jaruzelski warned, he would be obliged to resign.

Addressing an admonition to Solidarity, the 10 million-member union federation, Jaruzelski declared that the government would no longer be "pushed to the wall." The country's catastrophic economic condition, he said, required new belt-tightening measures, including rationing of cereals and a freeze on salaries. Economic difficulties, he said, also made it impossible to fulfill all the agreements extracted from the government through repeated industrial confrontations. He concluded with a stern warning that "a sharp collision might mean death now." The 460-member parliament quickly approved the strike ban with no opposition and only four abstentions.

Meeting in Gdansk under Lech Walesa's leadership, Solidarity's national commission said it had no intention of calling any strikes in the next two months, but warned, "No resolution of the parliament will prevent a strike if the security of our union is threatened or a glaring violation of the law occurs."

Earlier in the week, events had seemed to be moving inexorably toward a possible Warsaw Pact intervention. The official East German news agency announced that fresh troops, tanks and armored cars had been sent to join the three-week-old Warsaw Pact maneuvers in and around Poland. *Pravda*, meanwhile, charged that "the opponents of socialism" were pushing Poland "toward a counterrevolutionary path." Then came the news that Leonid Brezhnev would personally attend the 16th Czechoslovak Party Congress in Prague—an extraordinary announcement, since the ailing 74-year-old Soviet President had not ventured abroad for such a meeting since 1975. The news inspired alarming rumors that an emergency Warsaw Pact summit meeting was being called in Prague to decide on armed intervention in Poland.

Invasion fears were hardly allayed by the truculence of Czechoslovak President Gustáv Husák's 79-page keynote speech. With Brezhnev looking on in approval, Husák declared that "anti-socialist forces —supported and instigated by the enemies of socialism from abroad—are attempting to bring about a counterrevolutionary reversal in this fraternal socialist country [Poland]." Invoking the so-called Brezhnev Doctrine that was used to justify the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, Husák warned ominously that "the protection of the socialist system is . . . the joint concern of the states of the socialist community."

But as it turned out, Brezhnev was the only foreign party chief present at the party congress in Prague. And when the Soviet leader shuffled to the podium the day after Husák's diatribe, he adopted a far more moderate tone. He alluded only obliquely to the events in Czechoslovakia in 1968. "But one would have to assume," he added, "that the Polish Communists, with the support of all true Polish patriots," would be able "to give a fitting rebuff to the designs of the enemies of the socialist system." The statement seemed to offer Warsaw's leaders one more chance to restore order on their own. Shortly after the speech came another hopeful sign: TASS announced the end of the Warsaw Pact maneuvers.

Brezhnev's conciliatory gestures were met with some skepticism by Western analysts. Pointing to the Soviets' continuing military presence in and around Poland, a French foreign ministry official said, "The soldiers aren't there with their ri-

flies and tanks to hunt grouse, after all." Indeed, a State Department spokesman reported at midweek that there had been "no significant change in the overall level of [military] activity" despite the official end of the maneuvers.

In Bonn, the NATO Defense Ministers concluded a meeting of their Nuclear Planning Group with a joint expression of "great concern" over "increasingly menacing troop movements and other threatening events around Poland." The statement also warned that "the Soviets would gravely undermine the basis for effective arms control negotiations if they were to intervene in the internal affairs of Poland."

That stern admonition—and the linkage between intervention and disarmament talks—had been engineered largely by U.S. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who was making his first trip abroad since taking office. Weinberger had begun to sound invasion alarms the previous week after receiving intelligence reports of heightened Soviet military activity in and near Poland. During a stopover in Britain last week, Weinberger told reporters at Cottesmore Royal Air Force Base that Poland was already a victim of "invasion by osmosis," a process he described as the "gradual filtering in of additions to the two [Soviet] divisions that have been in Poland for a long time."

President Gustáv Husák opening the 16th Czechoslovak Party Congress in Prague

Rumors that an emergency summit was being called to decide on armed intervention.

In Bonn, Weinberger produced graphic evidence to back up his claims. Shortly after the NATO meeting began, a colonel from the U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency presented a series of recent satellite photographs. Among other things, the pictures showed equipment being unloaded from Soviet transport planes at the two Soviet divisional headquarters in Western Poland; various troop concentrations during the maneuvers; tent bivouacs in the western Soviet military districts, indicating that infantry and armor units had left their barracks and taken up positions closer to the Polish border.

It was an effective opening gambit by Weinberger, who was seeking a NATO statement tying future arms control talks to Soviet behavior. That idea met with considerable resistance at first, partly because the meeting's agenda had called only for a discussion of nuclear missile de-

Ailing but Determined

It was the ambulance that was the tip-off. Few Czechoslovaks paid much heed last week when they glimpsed a sleek, Soviet-made ZIL 114 limousine speeding through the streets of Prague with dark green curtains drawn over the rear and side windows—especially not with a Communist Party congress under way. Senior party officials often travel in such cars with drawn curtains. But the limo was followed closely by an obviously well-equipped Mercedes-Benz ambulance. That was a dead giveaway that the VIP passenger was none other than ailing, 74-year-old Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev, whose battle with the infirmities of old age has become nearly as legendary as the formidable power he wields.

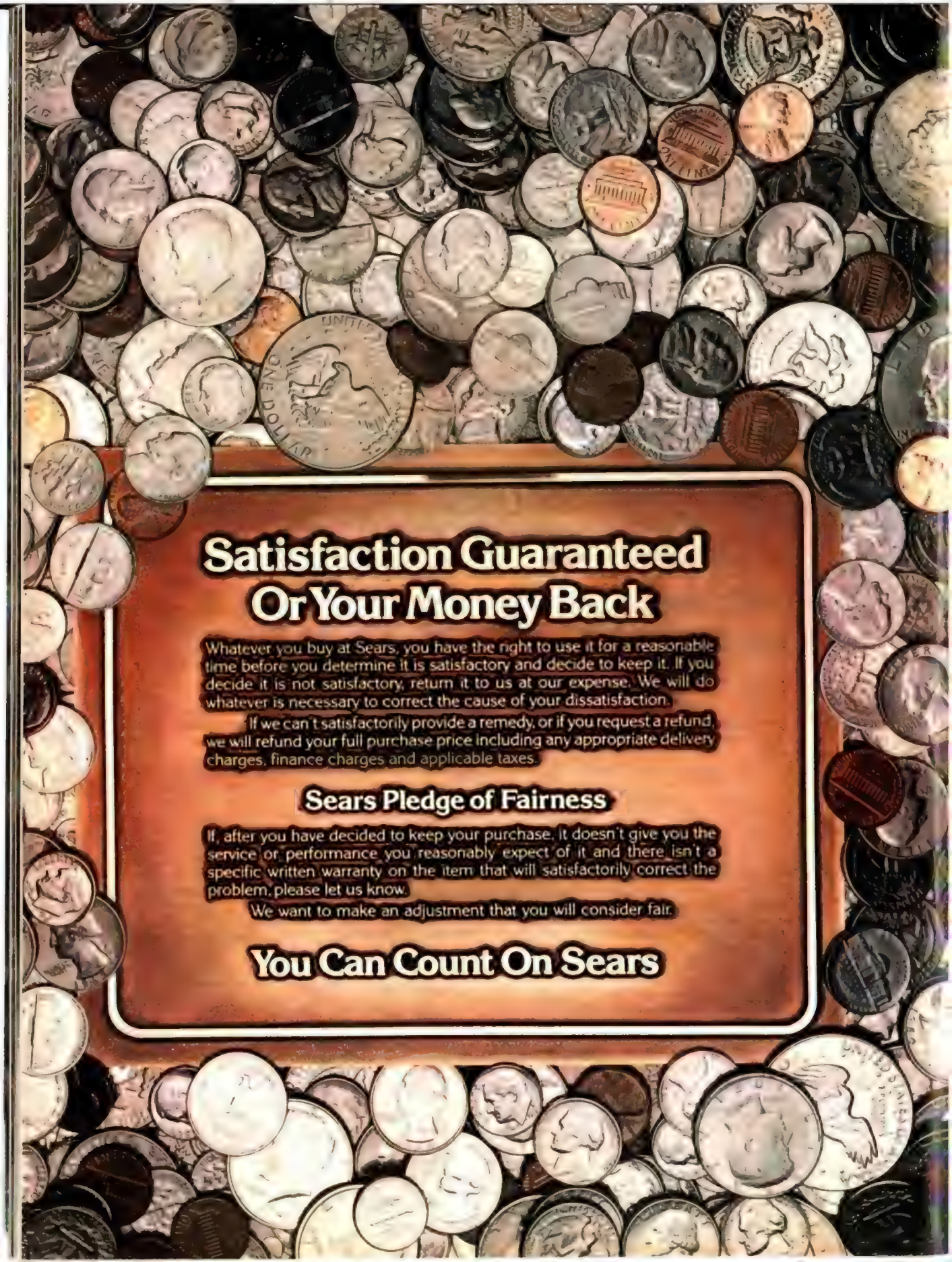
Brezhnev at reception in Prague

On his arrival at Prague's smoked glass and concrete Palace of Culture, Brezhnev did not look like a sick man. But appearances were deceiving. His eleven-page 22-minute address to the congress was remarkably brief compared with some of his three- and four-hour Moscow marathons, and it was delivered in the halting, distorted manner that first began raising questions about his health in 1974. His face appeared puffy, waxen and occasionally flushed, possibly because of the cortisone treatment he is said to receive. Attentive aides were constantly at Brezhnev's side, helping him out of his car or as he made his way in a slow, deliberate shuffle upstairs. At one point during the congress, television cameras caught the Soviet President nodding off in the midst of a droning address.

Even so, Brezhnev seemed far more alert last week than he did at the 1979 Vienna summit with Jimmy Carter, when he nearly toppled down a flight of stairs. In Prague he attended a concert and two receptions that required long periods of standing. He spent at least one morning in taxing discussions about the Polish crisis with party officials from other countries. But he was rarely seen in public, and between congress sessions spent long periods napping, either in his suite at the presidential palace overlooking Prague's historic Charles Bridge and the Vltava River, or in special rooms reserved for him at the Palace of Culture itself. Both places, it was reported, were outfitted with special oxygen and medical equipment. As is usually the case when he travels abroad, he was accompanied by a doctor with selected medicines and supplies of his blood type at the ready.

Precisely what ails Brezhnev is a closely guarded secret, known only to a handful of Kremlin insiders. Speculation has included cancer of the jaw, emphysema, heart disease, gout, leukemia and an ailment called amyotrophic lateral sclerosis that causes progressive muscular deterioration.

Whatever the cause, Brezhnev's condition requires careful husbanding of his energies. Said a Western observer in Prague last week: "Brezhnev pays a price for trips like this. At his age he has to rest for several days afterward to regain his strength." All too obviously, traveling takes its toll on the man who once gloried in boar hunts, flashy Western automobiles, good food and drink and, not least, the sociable company of attractive women.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ployment in Europe; the Polish question might have been considered a separate political matter. But Weinberger followed up his intelligence presentation with a day and a half of lobbying, effectively mixing "stubbornness and charm," as one European delegate put it. In the end, the Secretary got almost all he wanted: a strong oral statement on Poland and a unanimous decision to stick with the 1983 timetable for deploying U.S.-made Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe.

After intense consultations, the NATO countries have reached a consensus about how they could jointly respond to a Soviet invasion. Military action seems out of the question, but a succession of countermoves could go into effect immediately: withdrawal of ambassadors from Moscow; a drastic restriction of trade, high-technology sales and credits to the Soviets and other East bloc countries; a cutoff of economic aid to Poland; and an indefinite postponement of arms talks.

For the Soviets the consequences could be disastrous. First of all, there would be the strong possibility of armed resistance from the Polish population and even from units of the conscript-based armed forces. "The Poles will not stand aside as the Czechs did in 1968," predicts a Bonn Kremlinologist. Though open resistance would eventually be subdued by Moscow's overwhelming might, the myth of Warsaw Pact unity would be forever destroyed, and underground rebellion might smolder on for years. Even short of that, the Soviets would have to assume responsibility for Poland's $27 billion foreign debt and its faltering economy, all in the face of almost certain industrial sabotage, mass strikes and boycotts. Finally, intervention would mean the end of détente, which has been central to Brezhnev's whole foreign policy.

In spite of all these compelling arguments for not going in, the Kremlin might ultimately decide that it has no choice. Indeed, according to a Western intelligence report, Brezhnev himself had to break a deadlock in the Politburo to block a Soviet decision to invade Poland last December. Last week's decision to give the Polish leadership another reprieve was also thought to have been adopted only after a fierce debate in the Kremlin. Reliable reports reaching Whitehall, TIME has learned, indicate that the case in favor of intervention was made by hard-line Party Ideologue Mikhail Suslov, supported by Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov. Brezhnev himself led the argument against invasion, backed by Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. The doves emerged victorious, but only just.

From the Kremlin's point of view, there is still a strong case for intervention. A primary consideration is military. If Poland ever seemed likely to secede from the Warsaw Pact, cutting off Moscow's vital rail links and supply lines to East Germany, Soviet tanks could be expected to roll in immediately. Ideological factors could prove equally persuasive. Even before the outbreak of labor unrest last summer, Poland showed some dangerous deviations from Communist orthodoxy: a strong Catholic Church, private ownership of 75% of the country's farm land, a flourishing dissident movement. Then, the birth of an independent labor movement last August established a rival power center among the very working masses that the party claimed to represent. Says William Hyland of Georgetown's Center for Strategic and International Studies: "It is the final demonstration that the [Communist] system does not work. The people it's designed to benefit most have finally said they can't stand it any longer." Should that example spread to other East bloc satellites, it could mean the end of the Soviet empire.

ROBERTO SURO

Weinberger in the cockpit of a Tornado jet at British airbase

Lobbying effectively with "stubbornness and charm."

Most analysts feel that the Soviets could accept a certain amount of pluralism in Poland as long as a strong party retained a firm grip on the reins. But therein lies another political hazard—for the Polish party itself seems bent on reversing Leninist orthodoxy. In a watershed decision two weeks ago, Party Boss Stanislaw Kania bowed to rank-and-file demands and announced that delegates to July's party congress would be elected by secret ballot from an unlimited list of candidates. Until now, most delegates were chosen by the party leadership according to the Leninist principle of "democratic centralism"—meaning that power flows from the top down. The rule change, which would probably benefit reformist candidates in any event, might ultimately prove the last straw for Moscow.

The party's reforms were already affecting the country's political customs. Looking incongruously like Western politicians on the hustings, officials fanned out across the country last week to meet with factory-level party units and solicit their support. Applause was not always forthcoming. At the Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk, Kania fielded sharp questions and criticisms from about 3,000 local party members. Demanded one worker: "Now we ask you, Comrade Kania, if you will help us carry out the renewal of the party and the nation. If not, we shall do it by ourselves." That bold assertion drew a standing ovation. Another local party member derided the "merry-go-round" system whereby the same old faces dominated the Politburo. Kania responded by promising personnel changes in the Central Committee and Politburo. Similar rank-and-file pressures for reform appeared to be responsible for new "legal proceedings" that were initiated last week against former Premier Piotr Jaroszewicz. The charge: economic mismanagement.

Short of intervention, Moscow's hopes of stemming a tide of democratization seemed to rest with Polish hard-liners like Politburo Members Stefan Olszowski and Tadeusz Grabski. If they could seize the upper hand within the party, then the Soviets would probably have no immediate need to go in. Brezhnev himself reportedly requested that Olszowski be sent to represent the Polish party in Prague last week, and the two men held long consultations there. Some Western analysts speculated that a new party shake-up might soon substitute Olszowski for Kania, whose name went conspicuously unmentioned at the Prague congress.

Moscow's apparent strategy, says Georgetown's Hyland, appeared to be aimed at maintaining pressure on the Polish party until the hard-liners could gain control. But obviously the Soviets were as worried and mystified as everybody else. As one jittery Soviet official told a West German diplomat in Moscow, "We must be careful. Nobody knows where this crazy Polish drama is taking us all—not just the Soviet Union, but all of us, East and West alike." —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Roland Flamini/Prague and Richard Hornik/Bonn*

History's Ugly Rules

As yet another week of suspense passed in the drama of Poland, the armies of the Warsaw Pact were still waiting for orders from the 14 men who make up the Soviet Politburo. Most of those leaders are old and weary. Some, like Leonid Brezhnev, are chronically ill and sometimes incapacitated. Politburo members have less and less time and energy to study briefing books prepared by their staffs or to sit through lengthy deliberations with their advisers. They have come to rely more and more on instincts born of long experience.

For years the Politburo has ruled as a secretive, inbred board of directors dedicated to the protection and preservation of the Soviet system. The euphemism for this imperative is "security." In Russian the word means literally absence of danger. Today, all the instincts of the old men in the Kremlin must tell them that the Soviet system is in the gravest danger in Poland, as indeed it is and deserves to be. Their instincts probably also tell them that sooner or later they will have to intervene, that they have a right to do so, and that they will be able to get away with it.

As they edge toward a decision in Poland, the Methuselahs of Moscow figure that they have not only the slogan of Marxist-Leninist internationalism on their side to justify an invasion, but 36 years of precedents as well. Many of these men, after all, have careers that stretch back to 1945 and the wartime Allied conference at Yalta, which established a Soviet sphere of influence in Eastern Europe. In Joseph Stalin's eyes, Poland was the most important part of that sphere because it is a buffer between Russia and Germany.

Stalin's successors have repeatedly exercised the Soviet claim over Eastern Europe by using military force against obstreperous satellites. Soviet tanks quelled riots in East Berlin in 1953 and crushed the rebellion in Hungary in 1956, an episode that cost the lives of more than 25,000 Hungarians. And in justifying the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, the Soviet press proclaimed the so-called Brezhnev Doctrine: the U.S.S.R. reserves the right to use force in any "fraternal country" where it deems "socialism" to be in jeopardy. None of those interventions, whether in time of cold war or thaw, elicited from the West meaningful political and economic sanctions, to say nothing of military retribution. One of Brezhnev's diplomatic triumphs was the 1975 Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe at which 35 governments, notably including the Ford Administration, ratified the postwar order in Europe. De facto, the Iron Curtain and the Brezhnev Doctrine were, and remain, very much a part of that order.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in late 1979 was, in one significant and ominous sense, something quite new: the Soviet army's first sustained advance beyond the sphere of influence established in 1945. In another sense, however, the invasion of Afghanistan was consistent with Soviet behavior since World War II. It demonstrated again the U.S.S.R.'s proclivity for using brute force as the best way to ensure an "absence of danger," and for filling vacuums created by the limits of Western diplomacy and alliances. In ordering that invasion, the Soviet leaders calculated correctly that they were not risking a direct military confrontation with the U.S. or its allies.

Nor would they be running any serious risk of World War III by invading Poland. Rather, they would be consolidating their gains from World War II. Ill-gotten though those gains surely were, they have been at least tacitly conceded by eight U.S. Presidents, from Roosevelt to Jimmy Carter. Though some second-echelon hard-liners in the Reagan Administration actually would like to see the U.S. espouse the early '50s goal of "rolling back" Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, the U.S. does not have the military or political power to do that. Therefore Reagan's top advisers seem committed, for the foreseeable future at least, to the more realistic aim of holding the line against further Soviet adventurism. Soviet intervention in Poland would qualify in neither of those categories. It would be something just as bad—the brutal suppression of a brave people—but it would be, according to the ugly rules of geopolitics, "allowed."

Brezhnev with three Politburo colleagues atop the Lenin mausoleum during October Revolution celebration in 1979

To be sure, the Kremlin would have to pay political, diplomatic and economic penalties. What the Soviets like to call "international public opinion" would be outraged. Advocates in the West of more vigorous anti-Soviet propaganda and increased defense budgets would have a field day. In fact, some may welcome the Polish crisis for just that reason.

But the instincts and long personal experience of the old men on the Politburo may tell them that they can weather those firestorms. If anything is staying the Soviets' hands in Poland, it is uncertainty over how the Poles themselves will react. Berlin '53 was essentially an isolated police action. Budapest '56 and Prague '68 were operations aimed at decapitating the heretical local party leaderships. In Poland, however, the Soviet Union must be prepared to go to war against an entire populace. The Polish challenge to the Soviet system is both far deeper and far more widespread than any that the old men in the Kremlin have ever faced. But they may still decide that they have no choice but to invade. That is why the events unfolding in Poland offer not only the suspense of drama but also the chilling possibility of tragedy.

—By Strobe Talbott

LEBANON

Guns of April

A savage new siege

Down the mean streets of Beirut and across the green mountains to the east, the guns of Lebanon sounded once again last week. In the fiercest fighting since 1978, Syrian peace-keeping forces and Lebanese Christian militiamen squared off for control of Zahle (pop. 200,000), a city in the Bekaa Valley, 25 miles east of Beirut. For eight days the Syrian forces, using field artillery, tank guns and rocket launchers, pounded Christian positions in and around the city, which is located just off the strategic Beirut-Damascus highway. Christian militiamen in the city and nearby hills returned the fire with their own artillery.

The fighting quickly spread to Beirut, where artillery duels broke out across the three-mile Green Line that divides the city's Christian and Muslim sectors. In Southern Lebanon, meanwhile, the Israeli-supported Christian forces of Lebanese Major Sa'ad Haddad shelled Muslim and Palestinian sections of the coastal cities of Tyre and Sidon, while Israeli paratroopers launched large-scale attacks against Palestinian strongholds in the area. With concerted international help, Lebanon's President Elias Sarkis managed to obtain a tenuous cease-fire. As International Red Cross convoys rushed into the stricken areas with medical assistance, the country counted the grim toll: at least 265 civilians killed, more than 1,000 wounded.

The most worrisome aspect of the crisis was that the hostilities could touch off a wider Middle East conflict. Israel has thrown its support behind the Lebanese Christians in their conflict first with the Palestinians, more recently with the Syrians. Lebanese leftists and Palestine Liberation Organization leaders charge that Israel is behind a Christian plot to drive the Syrians out of the Bekaa Valley and link up with Major Haddad's Christian contingent in the South. For this reason, the Syrians positioned the bulk of their 22,000 troops in the Lebanon valley.

Ironically, the Syrian army had originally entered Lebanon in November 1976 as the protector of the Christians in their civil war against the leftist Muslims and Palestinians. The troops have remained there under a peace-keeping mandate from the Arab League. By 1978, however, the Christians had turned against the Syrians and after bitter fighting managed to force them to withdraw from Christian areas of Beirut.

At week's end the weak Lebanese security forces took up truce-keeping duties in Zahle. But both sides were already building up their reinforcements with a vengeance. The betting was that it would be only an interlude, too brief, as always before another bloody siege. ■

Black youths hurl stones, overturn a vehicle during orgy of rioting in south London

BRITAIN

Bloody Saturday

The country's worst race riot

It was the kind of warm spring Saturday afternoon that draws all of London into the streets. As two bobbies pounded their beat in Brixton, a grimy, racially mixed neighborhood south of the Thames, they stopped to question a black youth. A hostile crowd gathered, and suddenly all hell seemed to break loose. Rocks, bricks and Molotov cocktails began to fly. As police reinforcements rushed in, an orgy of burning and looting swept down Railton Road, a principal neighborhood shopping avenue, leaving automobiles gutted and shops in flames. Streets were littered with looted appliances, clothing and costume jewelry. At the peak of the violence, more than 1,000 police in riot gear, huddled like Roman legionnaires behind shields, battled some 600 black West Indian youths, interspersed with a few masked white rioters.

When the hurricane of violence ended after five brutal hours, the toll was heavy: 165 policemen injured—26 requiring hospitalization—along with scores of civilians. Nearly 100 rioters were arrested. Estimates of property damage ran to more than $2.2 million. Beyond the burnt buildings and ravaged streets twinkling with shards of glass from shattered storefront windows, however, London now bears a more lasting scar: the psychic damage from the worst race riot in British history, an ugly explosion reminiscent of the violence that tore apart dozens of American cities in the '60s and, only eleven months ago, left whole sections of Miami in flames.

Many local residents were quick to say that racial tensions were not involved, blaming soured police-neighborhood relations and Britain's current grim unemployment problem. Said one Brixton dweller: "This is not a race riot. We are not here to hurt white people. It is about jobs, money, all the rest. You can only take so much." But the fact is that tension has been building for months in Brixton, home of many of the 620,000 black West Indians who have immigrated to Britain, or been born there, since the 1950s. As in the U.S., racial friction and unemployment often seem to go together: the jobless rate in areas like Brixton is twice Britain's 10.3% national average.

Residents have long chafed at local police use of a 150-year-old loitering statute that allows them to detain anyone they believe intends to commit a crime; studies show that the law is ten times as likely to be used against blacks as whites. In February about 10,000 demonstrators, including many from Brixton, marched peacefully in nearby Deptford to protest what they considered deliberately lethargic police investigation of the deaths of two young blacks in a fire. The latest spark appears to have been struck the evening before the rioting, when blacks accused police of failing to respond quickly enough after a black Brixton man was stabbed to death.

Metropolitan Police Commissioner Sir David McNee held out the possibility that the riot had been politically inspired. Said he: "You don't find petrol bombs and the kind of missiles that have been thrown at my officers just by chance." Indeed one sign of Britain's growing racial tension has been clashes between blacks and neofascist white organizations like the thuggish National Front. Brixton's riot did not seem to follow that disturbing model, but instead traced another pattern, one that could be copied elsewhere. As a Brixton resident gloomily put it, "Next time it might be Cardiff or Liverpool. They've got the same problems: rundown cities and high unemployment." ■

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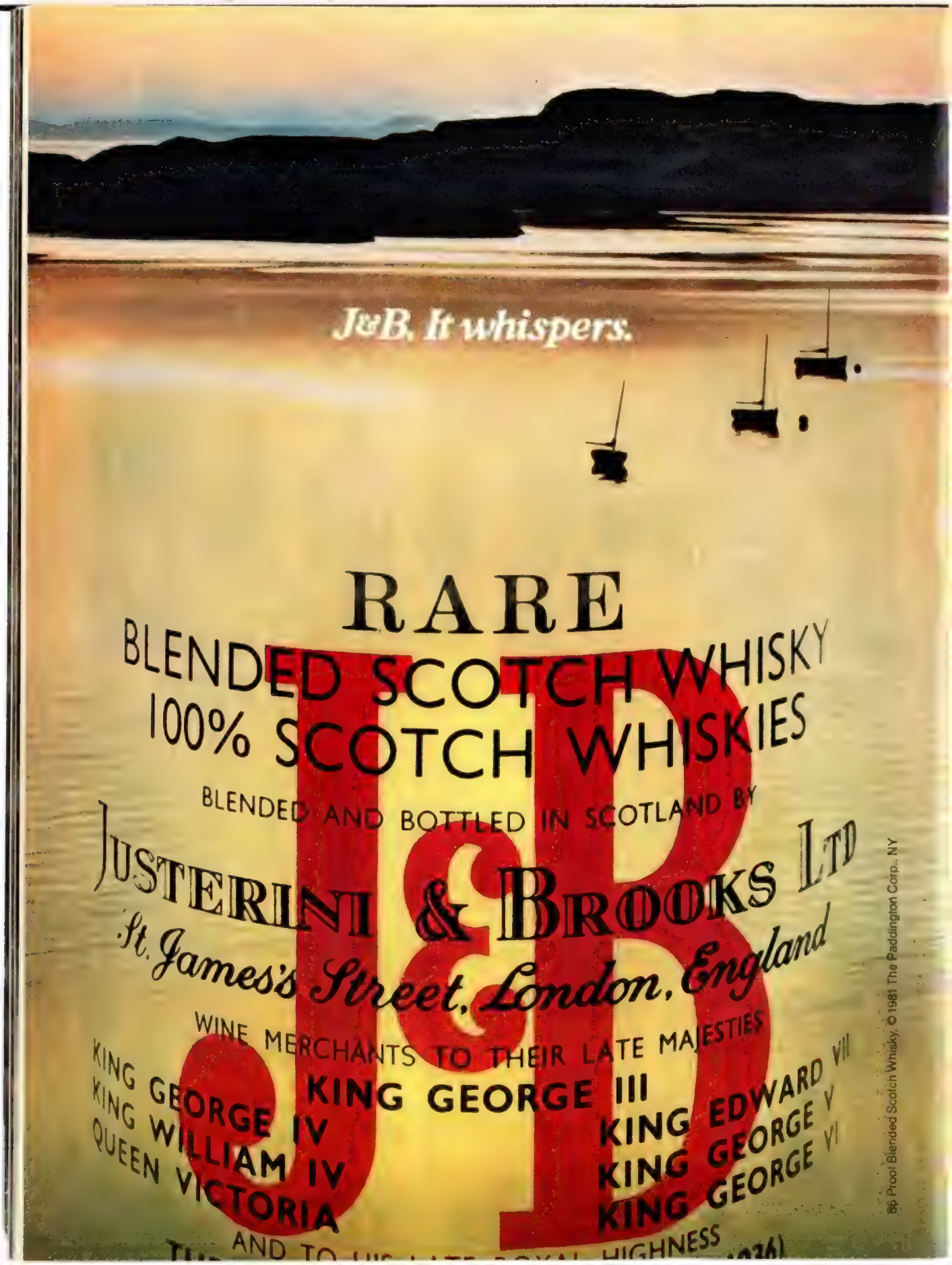
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ISRAEL

Familiar Field

Union vote hints at a close race

The contest was touted as a kind of election barometer. When the results came in last week, however, it appeared as if the barometer had gone haywire. "This means good returns for the Likud in June," said Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, a member of Prime Minister Menachem Begin's ruling conservative coalition. Said Begin's challenger, opposition Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres: "We are rather satisfied with the results."

Both sides were digesting the voting tallies for delegate representation in the 1.5 million-member Histadrut, the sprawling national labor federation that embraces 60% of Israel's 2.49 million eligible voters. The contest was viewed as the first real test of strength between Begin and Peres as the campaign started to heat up for the June 30 parliamentary election that is regarded as critical not only for Israel but for the Middle East peace process. The outcome, however, suggested that Israelis are far from certain —and generally less than enthusiastic —about the choices before them.

Labor's coalition won handily in the Histadrut balloting with 62.9% of the vote, compared with 57.1% in the last federation elections in 1977. Support for Begin's forces declined from 28.1% to 26.3%. But a Labor Party victory in a workers' organization was hardly surprising. In fact, some Labor leaders had been hoping for a 70% total. Nor were the Peres forces encouraged by the fact that only about 55% of Histadrut members bothered to vote at all. That number was in line with public opinion polls showing that fully 50% of Israeli voters are still undecided about the June contest.

Begin's government has shown unexpected resourcefulness in the early stage of the campaign. Much of the credit belongs to Begin's new Finance Minister, Yoram Aridor, appointed last January. Confronted with Israel's breathtaking 130% annual inflation rate, Aridor, 42, came up with a savvy political response: drastic cuts in the country's steep excise and import taxes on autos, color television sets, washing machines and other consumer products. While polls in January predicted an absolute Labor majority in the 120-seat Knesset, they now show Labor with only 45 seats, Begin's Likud with 33 and various splinter groups with 42. The new polls undoubtedly give Begin more confidence as he faces such unexpected bombshells as the tart revelations of his onetime Defense Minister, Ezer Weizman. Excerpts from a Weizman memoir, read avidly in Israel last week, are sharply critical of Begin and his leadership following the Camp David accords *(see following story)*.

Many Peres supporters had hoped that a sign of new strength might emerge from the appointment of Labor shadow cabinet members last week. But it was not to be. Peres picked a Labor stalwart like Haim Bar-Lev as shadow Defense Minister, but his choice as shadow Finance Minister was mild-mannered Haim Ben-Shahar, president of Tel Aviv University. Ben-Shahar is a respected economist but is considered no match for Aridor in the political arena.

The wildest campaign card, of course, is Moshe Dayan, Israel's former Defense and Foreign Minister. Dayan has announced the formation of his new party, TELEM (a Hebrew acronym for Movement for National Renewal). Polls show that Dayan cannot expect more than nine Knesset seats—but even that result could make him a kingmaker in a tight election. Perhaps more telling was another poll showing that 52% of voters wish Dayan had not formed his new grouping. It appeared that many Israelis were not overly thrilled by the all too familiar field in the election. ■

DAVID M. BLINGER

Labor Leader Peres, left, Shadow Ministers Bar-Lev, center, and Ben-Shahar

The outcome suggested that voters are generally less than enthusiastic about the choices.

Weizman's Digs

At Begin, Dayan and others

Few figures in Menachem Begin's Likud coalition have been as colorful as Ezer Weizman, 56, a onetime British Royal Air Force pilot who served for three years as Begin's Defense Minister. He noisily resigned last May in a dispute over defense spending and the future of the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. Last week Israeli readers pored over selected controversial passages from Weizman's soon-to-be-published book, The Battle for Peace, *a salty, 395-page memoir of the period straddling the 1978 Camp David accords Excerpts:*

On Begin: He invests words with magical properties. Begin is absolutely convinced that he holds the truth in his back pocket. Consequently, in addressing others —including the heads of great nations —he adopts the manner of a teacher talking to his pupils. There is something overbearing about his manner, and I suspect it has infuriated certain key figures in Washington, Cairo and elsewhere.

Weizman

No sooner had the [Camp David] treaty been signed than Begin gave up promoting the peace process. He withdrew into his pipedreams. At the same time he began to treat this peace we had struggled for as something banal, almost despicable.

On Moshe Dayan: I admire [his] individualism. He displays the wiles of a peasant and the deep roots of the sabra. Dayan can be compared to a demolition charge designed to bring down the wall of a house: placed incorrectly, it is capable of collapsing the whole structure.

On General Ariel Sharon, Begin's Agriculture Minister: He is a great strategist: he may be the greatest combat commander of our time. In war, I'd follow him through fire and flood. But political life has different values. Sharon has lost sight of the distinction between his own personal good and the good of the state. This human bulldozer is capable of crushing whatever lies in his path.

On President Jimmy Carter: As far as I know, no American President has ever helped Israel as much as Jimmy Carter I cannot claim that Israel has responded with appropriate gratitude. On one visit to the White House, I noticed that Miss Lillian wore a Jewish medallion.

"Where did you get this?" I asked

"From a Jewish rabbi in Miami."

Her son added: "You see, the American Jewish community treats my mother far better than me." ■

Communist Candidate Georges Marchais joins hands with supporters at Paris rally

FRANCE

Spoilsport from the Left

In a perverse replay of 1978, Marchais undercuts Mitterrand

It was the biggest Communist Party rally of the French presidential election campaign. Thousands of students and workers marched across Paris to the historic Place de la Bastille. Many carried banners with familiar bread-and-butter slogans: WE WANT HOUSING AND JOBS and PRODUCE FRENCH. Caravans of buses filled with activists poured in from the provinces. With rope and tackle, a mountain climber managed to hoist a red flag to the summit of the square's monumental central column, where it fluttered from the arms of a winged figure. Finally the party's pugnacious leader, Presidential Candidate Georges Marchais, rose to address the cheering throng of 70,000.

Marchais, 60, an aggressive, hard-lining former metalworker who has been party boss for the past eight years, seized the occasion to launch some characteristically hard-bitten attacks on the leading candidates. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, he proclaimed, was "the champion of the insolent and decadent aristocracy that dominates France." He reminded his audience that "the people rose up and assaulted the Bastille" in 1789, sweeping away "the old rotten regime." Then he turned with equal antagonism on the other main candidate, Socialist Leader François Mitterrand. Heaping scorn on his former partner in the now defunct coalition of leftist parties, Marchais disparaged Mitterrand's socialist and working-class credentials. "He passes his time soliciting the confidence of the business community," said Marchais. He went on to urge his troops to turn out in record numbers at the ballot box. By doing so, he clearly implied, they would help prevent the Socialist from winning.

Marchais's speech was characteristic of the perverse, often perplexing performance that has made him the spoiler of the campaign. That role has taken on a bizarre urgency as the two-round election draws close. Polls indicate that in the first round, April 26, Mitterrand should handily defeat both Marchais and the fourth challenger, Gaullist Leader Jacques Chirac, and run a close second to Giscard. In that event Giscard and Mitterrand would face each other in a May 10 runoff, and Marchais's Communists could be instrumental in swinging the outcome either way.

Marchais bills himself as the "anti-Giscard candidate," but the non-Communist French press routinely describes his speeches as "doubletalk." One prominent Socialist leader goes so far as to call him a "Janus, who has two faces: one the anti-Giscard candidate, the other turned against François Mitterrand." Pundits insist that Marchais actually has a carefully masked preference for the re-election of the conservative Giscard over the leftist Mitterrand. His main reason, they reckon: the fear that a Socialist victory would severely undercut the influence of the smaller Communist Party and relegate it to a helpless neither-government-nor-opposition ambiguity.

Marchais, in fact, seems to go out of his way to frighten middle-of-the-road voters out of supporting Mitterrand. One of his latest ploys, incredibly enough, has been to raise the specter of Communist ministers in a Mitterrand government. Mitterrand has been forced to insist that he would never accept them—and in so doing has given Marchais an excuse, should he choose, to ask his membership to boycott the second round rather than vote for Mitterrand.

Playing the role of the spoiler, however, could backfire. Some polls give Marchais a mere 15% of the presidential vote —a huge comedown from the 20% the Communists achieved in 1978. If Marchais's showing proved to be that poor, the chances are that his leadership of the party would be challenged soon after the election. As it is, Marchais's support inside the party is hardly unanimous. Members of the rank and file are unhappy with his strict, sometimes overbearing control of party machinery. Many intellectuals have bolted over his obdurate refusal to allow internal debate or criticize the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

The Communist tactics are strikingly reminiscent of the 1978 Assembly campaign, when Marchais deliberately sabotaged the left's chances of coming to power. The Communist-Socialist alliance of the time, called the Union of the Left, had been running ahead of the Giscard government in every poll when the Communists suddenly torpedoed its chances. Marchais lashed out with a number of statements that served to frighten voters —and thus ensured the victory of Giscard's coalition. One theory was that Moscow may have had a hand in the French Communists' caprices, perhaps because it feared a leftist victory might shake up East-West relations. In addition, Moscow was believed to have grown comfortable with a succession of conservative Fifth Republic governments, dating back to Charles de Gaulle's return to power in 1958. Some analysts believe that Moscow may be exercising a certain amount of remote control once again.

Certainly, Marchais's current campaign has been as paradoxical as his 1978 performance. His 131-point economic program is predictably radical, calling for the nationalization of 23 major companies and confiscation of all individual earnings of more than $100,000 a year. But his most controversial tactic is one that might have been expected from the far right rather than the left: the deliberate fanning of racist sentiments against African immigrant workers.

The issue came to a head in December, when Communist city officials of the Paris suburb of Vitry-sur-Seine launched a Christmas Eve attack on a housing complex where some 300 immigrant workers from Mali had just been installed. The Communists shouted threats and insults, severed electrical, telephone, water and heating lines, and rammed the building with a bulldozer. In sanctioning the outrage afterward, Marchais declared, "We do not want a new Harlem or a new Soweto in the Paris suburbs." By so nakedly exploiting the immigrant issue, Marchais obviously hoped to increase the Communist vote among lower-class suburbanites. But other leftists put a balder tag on the Communist tactics: "Red fascism." —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Sandra Burton/Paris*

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SPAIN

Seeking to Appease the Generals

"Perhaps the real transition to democracy begins now"

The menace has crystallized in a single, indelible video-tape image replayed again and again on countless TV sets throughout Spain: Guardia Civil Lieut. Colonel Antonio Tejero Molina standing in the Cortes last Feb. 23, holding the Spanish government, and the nation, at gunpoint. Tejero and his fellow military conspirators in the coup attempt were soon arrested, and Spain's young democracy survived its gravest challenge. But now many Spaniards are beginning to wonder just who won that fateful encounter. Far from being totally discredited after the coup, the country's ultraconservative armed forces—unchanged and unbending since Francisco Franco's day—seem hardly affected. "Zero percent of the people here believe that the putsch failed," says a moderate politician in Madrid. "Some think it is still going on, and many believe it actually succeeded."

Unquestionably, the aborted coup attempt has transformed Spanish politics. Old issues—institutional reform, regional autonomy—have been swept aside for the time being; the balance of power among the parties has shifted. The government has launched an investigation into the coup conspiracy, but almost no one in Madrid expects major purges to follow. However dubious its loyalties, the army is too powerful to be punished and shunted out of political life. Instead, Spain's wary civilian leaders are seeking to pacify the generals, giving them, in effect, a silent veto in many areas of national policy. "We now have three chambers in the Cortes," laments a prominent Socialist legislator, "the Congress, the Senate and the joint chiefs of the general staff."

Nowhere is the army's continued influence more evident than in the Basque country, where the separatist group ETA is waging a bloody terrorist war. During his 4½ years in office, former Prime Minister Adolfo Suárez resisted military pressure to allow the army into what he and many others viewed as a police problem. All that changed, however, less than a month after the aborted coup when ETA gunmen killed two army colonels. Suárez's successor, Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo, felt compelled to grant the army and navy limited, border-patrolling duty in the Basque region—a first step, critics charge, toward a new cycle of violence and repression whose main victim could be democratic government in Spain.

This month the bishops of the Basque cities of Bilbao, San Sebastián and Vitoria said as much in a pastoral letter that warned of the "coercive pressures" of the military on individual liberty. The three prelates condemned ETA's continuing terrorism, but they also cautioned that the military's new role in the Basque country could eventually pose a threat to democracy. "When the armed forces set themselves up as judge over the democratic process and feel tempted to intervene," they wrote, "this constitutes a serious danger rather than a genuine defense of the interests of the people."

The letter embarrassed the government. The Defense Ministry called the statement "spine-chilling and depressing," and Calvo-Sotelo even summoned the papal nuncio, Archbishop Antonio Innocenti, to enlist his aid in silencing the bishops. Innocenti declined. Although the letter accurately reflected widespread fears in Spain, it contradicted the image of calm, steady helmsmanship that Calvo-Sotelo has sought to project since the attempted coup. But the army's brooding presence is undeniable—and, in at least temporarily stifling political debate, it may have lengthened Calvo-Sotelo's lease on office.

That is because the Socialists—once the leading contenders to form the next government—now seem unable to mount effective opposition. Before the coup, the Socialists had hoped to increase their vote substantially in the next elections, expected in 1982, at the expense of the ruling Union of the Democratic Center. They had hoped to woo away the U.C.D.'s fickle liberal wing and form a broad majority coalition. This now seems unlikely, since it would split the U.C.D. and thus endanger the entire party system—a prospect that, in the wake of the coup attempt, chills practically everybody but the military. Part of the problem is Socialist Leader Felipe González, who, at 39, is considered too young and untried. "We lost the next general election on the night of Feb. 23," says a senior Socialist strategist. "The middle classes won't vote for Felipe now. They don't think he'll last two months with the military."

Prosecuting the coup leaders will probably change little. Currently, 29 officers are being held on charges of "armed rebellion"; conviction carries a 30- to 40-year sentence. According to leading lawyers in Madrid, however, most will be tried for the lesser crime of disobedience, mainly because they have threatened to drag King Juan Carlos into the proceedings by claiming that he had implied his approval of their attempted coup. The one exception is Tejero, whose actions in the Cortes were recorded by television cameras. Yet he too has managed to pull a triumph of sorts from his debacle: he has become a folk hero to Spanish rightists. Hundreds of people visited him in the military prison at Alcalá de Henares, northeast of Madrid, forming long lines to pay their respects. The government finally moved him last week to El Ferrol in the distant northwestern region of Galicia, but the streams of admiring callers continued. Indeed, so popular has Tejero become that he is reportedly thinking of running for parliament, even from jail.

But Tejero's political career, the Socialist setback, even the stifling of political debate, all pale beside the Basque problem. Most analysts expect ETA to provoke the army into bloody repression over the coming months, and they expect the generals to respond in character, probably by demanding some form of martial law. The resulting strains may be too much for the civilian government. "Everyone said we would have a difficult time when Franco died," says a senior official in Madrid, "but we have had a relatively comfortable time so far. Perhaps the real transition to democracy begins now."

—By John Nielsen. Reported by Lawrence Malkin/Madrid

FRANCIS—COVER

Spanish army patrols on guard against terrorists in the Basque country near the French border

However dubious the loyalties, too powerful to be shunted out of political life.

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EL SALVADOR

The Heirs of the Finca Florencia

On an expropriated farm, a proud planter's legacy endures

The torment of El Salvador's civil strife knows no interval. Fighting between government forces and leftist insurgents continued unabated last week, and so did political killings. In a single day, 37 people were assassinated by the country's security forces. In Soyapango, a slum section of San Salvador, police dragged 23 people from their homes and shot them dead in the street; seven others refused to come out and were killed indoors.

Despite the level of violence, the struggling civilian-military junta has continued to pursue its controversial, and surprisingly successful, land-reform program. Since March 1980, 790,000 acres of rich agricultural land have been expropriated from large landholders and are now farmed cooperatively by 62,000 peasant families. Next week, according to the government, the final block of 875,000 acres will be similarly taken over. TIME Correspondent William McWhirter last week visited one of the new cooperatives, the 960-acre Finca Florencia, a coffee plantation 24 miles northwest of San Salvador. His report

Several hundred *campesino* families were gathered early last week on the dusty veranda of the hilltop plantation house. Dressed in their meager best, they stood respectfully and listened for more than an hour as the man in the short-sleeved *guayabera* shirt exhorted them to hard work and clean living. The scene looked familiar—an absentee landlord come to survey his patrimony, perhaps. In fact, the speaker was José Antonio Morales Ehrlich, a member of El Salvador's ruling junta and head of the country's far-reaching land-reform program. The *campesinos* represented 14 new cooperative farms in the area, encompassing 31,148 acres and 1,551 peasant families. They had come to watch Ehrlich swear in their newly elected representatives and hear him discuss the future of the program that had given them title to estates on which their families had labored for generations.

For the new owners of the Finca Florencia, the powerful family that built the plantation is still a ghostly presence. They revere the memory of Angel, the patriarch who founded the *finca* in the late 1880s and built the big rustic house with its brick pillars and its view reaching from tin-roofed barns to stone walls enclosing acre after acre of lush coffee bushes. For 60 years, the plantation prospered under Angel and his grandson Carlos. Then Carlos turned over the Finca Florencia to his four sons, and by the 1950s the farm was in the hands of a hired manager. The family had already moved to San Salvador; the hilltop views that had thrilled Angel seemed merely confining to his heirs and their restless wives, so "when the sons did come out from the city," said one of the cooperative's organizers, "it was only to play the peasant, to walk around and impress the girlfriends for the weekend."

Even as the family's absences grew longer, its demands grew larger and larger. The manager also had to squeeze his cut from the overworked land. "He was a worse s.o.b. than the sons," one worker recalled. Naturally, there was less and less for the *campesinos*. Finally the owners stripped the plantation, shipping out the fertilizer, selling off the cattle, dismantling the machinery. When land reform came to the Finca Florencia, as Ehrlich put it, "all we had to give to the *campesinos* was the land itself." Now Angel's legacy—the fertile, volcanic soil as well as the shuttered house, the cracked, weed-filled swimming pool and the primitive courtyard workrooms—belongs to the great-grandchildren of those who labored to build them.

They will have to work even harder than before. El Salvador's land-reform program is based on the hope that the country's peasants will be willing to do so, and that land ownership will wean their loyalty away from the leftists and toward the government. The appearance of Ehrlich, who is touring the new cooperatives "village by village, *finca* by *finca*," is evidence of the degree to which the government has staked its future on land reform's success. At the Finca Florencia, he told *campesinos* of the risks and hardships ahead. "Now that power has changed hands, each of you must work not only out of self-interest, but for the common interest. You are not only to serve yourself but also the public." The government, through collective land ownership, was attempting to implement a new social system, "but the only system in which a man can be free," he pointedly reminded them, "is a democracy."

After the speech came the hard questions, as the peasant representatives voiced their doubts and worries. But Ehrlich was impressively armed with straight answers. The rainy season was almost here, said one man, yet no one has received any money for his labor (workers are paid $5.50 per day by the government) or for the crops. "The men don't mind working for a couple of weeks without pay," another added, "as long as they can be sure it is coming." Ehrlich answered that the central bank hoped to send out checks within a week. "We wish to promise you that the financial support will be there," he reassured them. Another man complained that they had been promised technical advisers, but only one had shown up in the beginning for a few days and then had left. Could someone come and tour all the farms? Ehrlich sidestepped the question, but said privately afterward, "They want a father figure; that is the system they are used to. In many cases, they know more about agronomy than any technician."

At Finca Florencia, peasant cooperative representatives listen to Junta Member Ehrlich

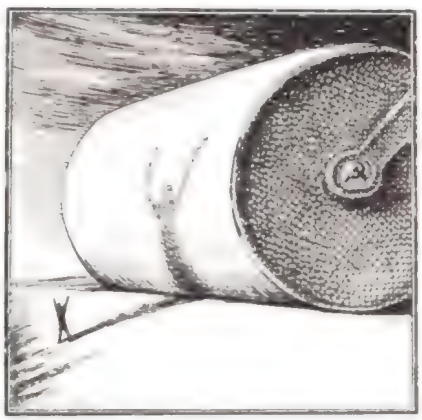
The government's future is staked on their willingness to work even harder than before

The new owners of Finca Florencia are serious about making the plantation prosperous again. It is already ahead of other cooperatives, having paid off more than 80% of its credits and having made the first capital repayment to Angel's family. They have established a commissary and arranged for a doctor to come to the farm when needed. They are ready for the complex challenges of managing a large estate. "We know how to farm," they say. "For years we have done the real work here." What if the owners were to come one day and take back the land? "We would fight them," they say simply. They have some faith in the government, but more in the land and in their own abilities. Angel might well have recognized these proud men, not his spoiled great-grandsons, as his true heirs. ■

Essay

The Art of Making Threats

As of Palm Sunday, the big red machine had not yet rolled across the Polish border, so for the time being at least the world was breathing easier. In fact, there has been easier international breathing for over a week now, ever since April 7, when Leonid Brezhnev, his chest heavy with medals, stood in Prague's Palace of Culture and informed 1,700 attentive delegates to the 16th congress of the Czechoslovak Party that he was confident that the unruly Poles would come to their senses after all. TASS then announced that the three-week-old Warsaw Pact military exercises, with their World's Fair name of Soyuz '81, were coming to a close. Brezhnev's speech was all the more welcome following the growls of Czechoslovak President Gustáv Husák the day before. The game was good-cop-bad-cop, but it worked. So much, then, for the impressive show of force. To be sure, the Soviets might be lying about the troop withdrawal, might be pulling another Czechoslovakia '68 by cutting out temporarily only to set up an imminent invasion. But, at least for the moment, many observers seemed content to consider peace in our time, simply because a threat had not been carried out.



The interesting thing about certain kinds of threats when posed by certain kinds of powers, however, is that they do not need to be carried out in order to do their damage. The law knows this, which is why it distinguishes between assault and battery, yet labels assault a crime in itself. If the threat is made by a seasoned threatener like the Soviet Union, the threatened party will flinch as a matter of reflex or good judgment. That is the immediate effect, and the less enduring. A far deeper effect, and the one that tyrants crave, occurs when a victim is so cowed that he anticipates the threatener's desires, and behaves accordingly.

He may go even farther: if the threatening power is truly devastating, like the Soviet Union again, the victim will sometimes make the ultimate accommodation of taking on the worst and most fearsome characteristics of the threatener itself—first as an act of necessity, then of fealty, and finally of free will. The modern Greek poet C.P. Cavafy wrote "Waiting for the Barbarians" to make just that point. The poem consists of a dialogue between an individual citizen and a crowd assembled in the forum of an unspecified city. When the citizen asks why the legislators are not at work as usual, he is told that the barbarians are due to arrive that day; so what would be the purpose of making laws? When he asks why the city's leaders are at the city gates bearing a scroll and wearing jewels, the crowd answers that the barbarians are dazzled by such things. He asks why all the orators are silent; he learns that the barbarians are bored by rhetoric. Finally, he asks why there is a sudden confusion, and why the people are apparently so lost in thought. Because, he is told, the barbarians have not come as expected, and it is nightfall, and there is even some talk at the border that the barbarians have pulled out.

This is not to say that the Soviets have announced the curtailment of their troop maneuvers simply because the Poles are showing signs of becoming their own oppressors. To the contrary; many Poles seem to grow more obstreperous by the day, to the point that Lech Walesa, whose eyes gleamed with anarchy last summer, when he seemed to represent the extremes of rebellion, often appears now like any bedraggled labor negotiator, cursing out the hotheads. But the Poles and their present government, which is far more scared of the Soviets than Solidarity appears to be, are simply in a bind. They cannot beat the Soviets in a fight, so they must cool things down, thus taking the first rational step of a threatened nation. What the Soviets would like to determine is if still deeper stages of subservience are forthcoming.

By now the Soviets have threat-making down to an art, having come quite a way from the days when their leaders made threats by banging their shoes. Every threat worth the name needs a history of action to back it up, and the Soviets have gone to a great deal of trouble in past years to establish a high credibility rating. Even Brezhnev's conciliatory speech replaced one form of threat with another. In case anyone on earth might miss the point of his choosing Prague as the site for his remarks, he said: "I am sure we have a common stand with Czechoslovakia, just as with the other countries of the socialist community." The statement seemed to be a nod to Husák's bad-cop routine, but its effect was to remind Polish listeners that it was not so long ago that the loyal Czechs were as obstreperous as they.

"A captain who besieges a city," said Machiavelli, "should strive by every means in his power to relieve the besieged of the pressure of necessity, and thus diminish the obstinacy of their defense. He should promise them a full pardon if they fear punishment, and if they are apprehensive for their liberties, he should assure them that he is not the enemy of the public good, but only of a few ambitious persons in the city who oppose it." Machiavelli would have been much pleased by Brezhnev's speech. It singled out the ambitious "enemies," and was rich in references to "genuine patriots," "Poland's independence," the people's "genuine interest," "honor" and "security"—all the attributes in fact that the Soviets would like to keep as far away from Poland as possible. Yet such things are good to mention in a threat. They imply that the oppressors' goals are no different from those of the masses, and that the enemies who say otherwise are misleading the people. They imply that the enemies do not share such goals. The force of the threat is that since there is no real ideological dispute between the powers and the people, the powers will feel no moral compunction about marching in and doing right in the people's behalf.

Whatever Machiavelli may have forgotten to say about the art of the threat, Karl von Clausewitz included by implication in his brilliant little book *On War*. The Soviets did not need Clausewitz to teach them that war is an extension of politics by other means, since in effect they have lived both by that dictum and by the reverse. Also, Clausewitz's tactical advice —"to bring up superior numbers to a certain point at a certain time"—while fitting neatly with the Soyuz '81 maneuvers, is merely common sense. Where Clausewitz applies most directly to the art of threat-making, as practiced by the Soviets and others, is in his basic premises: war is "an act of force to compel our adversary to do our will," and war is also "the province of danger." Brezhnev & Co. have clearly understood that a good threat, by definition, is the exercise of danger on the adversary's will

It helps, of course, that the Soviets are living in the Age of

Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

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"Yep. That's what they said. 'Would you drive our 1981 Delta 88 for a while and see what you think about it?'

"So...that's just what I did, and I've got to say, this new Olds

"I wrote the Oldsmobile people..."

Delta 88 is some family car."

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"There's room for my whole family—and I've got a big one in real life, too. All of us can sit in comfort. Perfect for the long trips we take together."

A real miser on gas.

"It's priced for a family, too. And that standard V6 engine is a real *miser* on gas. I drove the available diesel, too, and that offers even *better* mileage.

"Y'know, this is the family car...that didn't forget the family."

Oldsmobile

WE'VE HAD ONE BUILT FOR YOU.

STANDARD V6

19 EPA Est. mpg | 28 Hwy. Est.

REMEMBER: *Compare* the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Diesel estimates lower in California. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

IMPORTANT: Computer Command Control is on all standard 1981 gasoline engines. It helps reduce exhaust emissions while allowing good fuel efficiency.

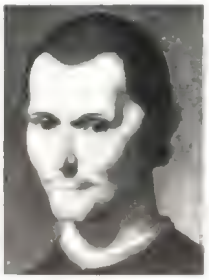
DIESEL V8

23 EPA Est. mpg | 34 Hwy. Est.

Essay

George Orwell

Karl von Clausewitz


Machiavelli

Threat, an era contributed to not by the U.S.S.R. alone but by the U.S. and several other well-armed countries, which from time to time have felt compelled to make a point. Thomas Hobbes would have understood our age perfectly, since he believed that the nature of war consists "not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary." The term "deterrence" is a political science word for threat. Likewise, "the cold war." So in a way is "détente," since the easing of discord is necessarily precarious. Most of the world's major crises since the end of World War II have involved the collision of threats—Quemoy in 1958, Cuba in 1962 and Berlin and the Middle East seemingly forever. Once the world got the Bomb, war was largely defined as threat—threat being the demoralizing equivalent of war—so it may be said for the Soviets that they have merely adjusted skillfully to the requirements of the times.

Basically, however, they simply know how a threat works on the mind. When either a nation or an individual is confronted with a threat, whether physical or verbal, he has but two choices of response: to pay attention to the threat or not. The latter choice is more than a bit difficult when one's opponent is as big as the Soviet Union, but it is never easy. Even in the case of a total stranger threatening to jump from a roof, everyone feels a general moral threat, or ought to, thus, when it comes to the endangering of one's own life or any aspect of it, one needs extraordinary strength to ignore it. Certain animals pay so much attention to threats that their battles are decided by the ritualized display of power: by strutting or color or plumage. No feathers fly, no blood is drawn.

The key to such rituals lies in the imagination of the threatened party. When you threaten someone, you rely on his foresight cooperating with his memory. Bruno Bettelheim in *The Informed Heart*, a study of the concentration camps, described the power that the SS used on prisoners: "Childlike feelings of helplessness were created much more effectively by the constant threat of beatings than by actual torture. During a real beating one could, for example, take pride in suffering manfully, in not giving the foreman or the guard the satisfaction of groveling before him. No such emotional protection was possible against the mere threat." So, too, with the American slaves who often acquiesced in their own servitude because their imaginations were finely tuned and played upon. Perhaps the most terrifying place in all literature is Room 101 in George Orwell's *1984*, not because it is where one's nightmares are realized, but because it is where one realizes that he can become his own nightmares.

Given all this, there ought to be less puzzlement than there is about the Soviet decision to call a halt to Soyuz '81 after leading the world to believe that an invasion was at hand. One theory has it that the Soviets originally made a decision to intervene, and then changed their minds. A second is that the exercises were a contingency measure. Yet there is a third way of looking at it: that the threat *was* the invasion. The Soviets withdrew because they felt they had temporarily accomplished their purpose. Even if they decide to invade after all, the threat will already have done a certain amount of damage. Anticipation always goes deeper than surprise. And the Poles will have been attacked in the war of nerves long before those famous tanks can begin to peek like rhinos around Warsaw's corners.

In a sense, then, the Poles are imperiled either way. Yet, in another sense, they are not. For, if there is little choice whether they pay attention to the Soviet threat, there is still a good deal of choice in the way they pay attention to it, how deeply and for how long. The citizens of Cavafy's "Waiting for the Barbarians" were so neutralized by threat that they became their own worst enemies. The Poles are not that—so far at least, which is exactly why the Soviets amassed so many men and arms in the first place. A master threatener knows a real threat when he sees one.

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Milestones

DIED. Robert ("the Bear") **Hite,** 38, lead singer and co-founder of the blues-rock group Canned Heat, which rose to fame during the 1960s with such hits as *On the Road Again* and *Going Up the Country*; of unknown causes; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Alfred Jensen, 77, Guatemalan-born painter whose lushly colored, checkerboard-patterned paintings were inspired by abstruse mathematical theories and the architecture of ancient civilizations; of cancer; in Livingston, N.J.

DIED. Norman Taurog, 82, director who won an Oscar for the 1931 Jackie Cooper vehicle *Skippy*, and also made *Boys Town* (1938) and a string of lighthearted comedies and musicals between the 1940s and the 1960s, including six with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis and nine with Elvis Presley; in Rancho Mirage, Calif.

DIED. Mark Ethridge, 84, liberal, outspoken journalist who as publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Times* between 1936 and 1963 helped lift both newspapers to national prominence; in Moncure, N.C. Ethridge's Louisville stewardship was distinguished by expanded, gimmick-free news coverage, enlivened writing and makeup, and an editorial page that spoke out strongly against such targets as poverty and racism, the latter of which he once described as "a complete humiliation of all people who profess any faith in democracy."

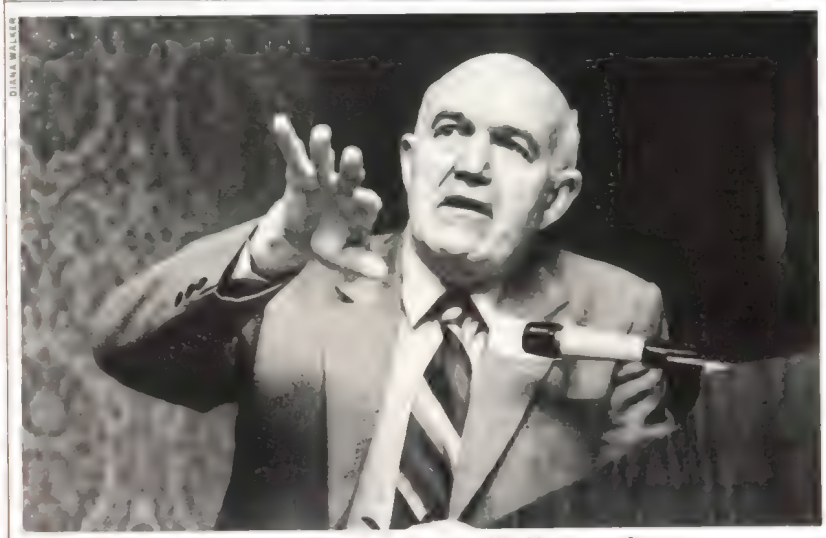
DIED. Edward Russell, 85, British military jurist and author who prosecuted all war crimes trials in the British zone of Germany after World War II, and resigned as assistant judge advocate general in 1954 in order to publish his controversial book *The Scourge of the Swastika*, in which he condemned Nazi atrocities as an outgrowth of the master-race doctrine; in Hastings, England.

DIED. Leo Kanner, 86, recognized as the father of child psychology for being the first to describe early infantile autism, which also became known as Kanner syndrome, and for other pioneering work at the Johns Hopkins Children's Psychiatric Clinic, which he founded in 1930; in Sykesville, Md. Kanner wrote the classic textbook *Child Psychiatry* (1935) as well as more popular works on child rearing in which, for example, he urged mothers to regain the common sense that had "been yours before you allowed yourselves to be intimidated by would-be omniscient totalitarians."

DIED. Omar Bradley, 88, the "G.I.'s general," who helped lead the Normandy invasion in World War II and later served as the first Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; in New York City (*see* NATION).

DIED. Austin Scott, 96, Harvard Law School professor who in his 50 years there —the longest teaching career in the university's history—trained many of the nation's best lawyers, judges and legal scholars, and whose 1939 text, *Scott on Trusts*, is a classic in the field; in Boston.

Education



DIANA WALKER

Sociologist James Coleman explaining his findings to a Washington conference

Can Public Learn from Private?

A new report on high schools rubs some educators the wrong way

"Scientists will argue for years about this report." So said Sociologist Robert Crain last week at a Washington meeting of 400 educators and lobbyists, called by the National Center for Education Statistics (NCES) to scrutinize "Public and Private Schools," the latest report issued by University of Chicago Sociologist James S. Coleman. Also under review: "Minority Students in Catholic Secondary Schools," a study by Coleman's colleague, Sociologist Andrew Greeley.

Coleman has been issuing hotly debated reports since 1966, when he concluded, after doing a nationwide survey, that black pupils learn better when they go to school with whites, a finding that aided integration. Now he has completed the first part of a federally funded study of U.S. high schools. His conclusion: even after allowing for differences in family background, private schools do a better job than public schools—largely because they maintain better discipline and provide more challenging academic demands.

Predictably, that conclusion stirred the ire of public school educators, who are already concerned about President Reagan's endorsement of tax credits for private school tuition payments. They listened warily to the conclusions Coleman drew from a survey of 58,728 sophomores and seniors in 1,016 high schools. Public school sophomores appear twice as likely to disobey, fight or commit acts of vandalism in schools. Only a quarter of the public school sophomores said they spent more than five hours a week on homework, in contrast with nearly half in Catholic and other private schools.

The finding that hit hardest, though, was Coleman's comparison of educational achievement, based on test scores. He found that in reading, vocabulary, mathematics, science, civics and writing, the nation's 1.4 million private pupils notably outperform the 13.5 million public schoolers. Greeley's study made a similar point: students from minority low-income families do much better academically in Catholic schools than in public schools.

Many of the assembled experts challenged the findings, declaring that Coleman had overstated his conclusions. Among the critics were staff members from NCES, the Government agency that sponsored the study. Their main point: some of his performance comparisons are invalid because 70% of private school students are college bound and pursue academic programs, compared with about a third of public school pupils (the rest are in vocational and commercial courses).

In response to NCES criticism, Coleman reanalyzed his data and agreed that pre-collegiate public school seniors, for example, do at least as well on tests as Catholic school seniors. While public and private college-bound programs may yield comparable results, Coleman insists that the school systems on the whole are not equal, if only because public schools channel so many students into nonacademic programs. In that practice and others, public schools can profit by private school experience. Said Columbia University Education Professor Diane Ravitch: "Coleman suggests a model in which the climate of learning is conditioned by good behavior and effective discipline. There are powerful lessons to be learned by public educators from these papers." ■

Core Courses

A way to general ed

As chancellor of the sprawling State University of New York during the early 1970s, Ernest Boyer often met with angry students who demanded the abolition of required courses. Boyer disagreed. But he also took seriously complaints that "general education" courses (courses supposed to be broad enough to benefit all students) were often little more than rehashes by junior faculty members of their recent Ph.D. dissertations. He still does. "Students have not abandoned general education," Boyer concludes, "general education has abandoned them."

Now the new president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Boyer has launched a crusade for general education. On most campuses, he says, it has become a cluttered "spare room" thoughtlessly located in student schedules somewhere between electives and degree-program courses. Boyer kicked off his crusade last week at a conference for 200 scholars and foundation executives at the University of Chicago. Participants received a 68-page Carnegie essay touting general education as an antidote to "self-preoccupation and social isolation." Its message: "All students should come to understand that they share with others the use of symbols, membership in groups and institutions, the activities of production and consumption, a relationship with nature, a sense of time, and commonly held values and beliefs."

Many educators give lip service to such familiar and useful aims. Boyer's main point, though, is that most colleges ignore them in the day-to-day business of planning curriculums. Instead of thinking about how best to provide a general education, most colleges, says Boyer, merely turn students loose to choose from a grab bag of courses that make the approved list as a result of academic politics. In planning student programs, explains Carnegie Senior Fellow Arthur Levine, "at most schools, three credits in economics is the same as three in political science. Biology is equivalent to physics. You can satisfy humanities requirements with Shakespeare or science fiction, Faulkner or an introduction to film. It doesn't matter. But it should." One answer, according to Boyer, is requiring all students to take a few well-planned, interdisciplinary "core" courses. Another: special campus-wide conferences about how academic disciplines relate to each other. Sums up Chicago's Dean Jonathan Smith, "To dump on students the task of finding coherence in their education is indefensible. Colleges shouldn't be allowed to collect tuition on that basis." ■

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Rent-a-Judge

Californians beat the backlog

With a battery of 206 judges, the Los Angeles County Superior Court system is one of the largest in the U.S. Nevertheless, since prosecutors and litigious Californians flood the court with more than 220,000 cases annually, and since criminal matters have priority, it takes more than four years for the average civil jury suit to reach trial. Now some lawyers are beating the queue. The solution: hiring a retired judge to hear the case.

What amounts to a rent-a-judge system was launched five years ago by two Los Angeles–area attorneys, Hillel Chodos and Jerome Craig, who were representing opposing sides in a complicated wrangle involving a medical billing firm and its lawyers. They found that an obscure 1872 California law authorizes litigants to have any civil case heard by hired referees, who need not be judges or even lawyers. The pair signed up a retired judge and got the approval of then Presiding Judge Richard Schauer of Los Angeles County Superior Court. Within seven months they had a decision; its relative speed saved their clients some $100,000 in attorneys' fees.

Thus was born a novel system that is being closely watched in California and other states. Once both sides in a dispute agree to set up their own court, they select a judge (so far all have been retired jurists) and settle on his pay (usually $125 an hour, split by the parties). If the regular court approves, trial can begin when and where the litigants choose.

By averting the 4½-year wait for trial, parties almost automatically save money. Normally, Chodos asserts, "lawyers have to justify their existence, so they file 39 depositions and countless motions that are meaningless but costly." Another advantage of the system, particularly important to litigants in complicated business cases, is that parties can pick judges with expertise in certain fields. Moreover, proceedings can be held in secret and kept off the public record. When *Tonight* show Host Johnny Carson and NBC were battling over his contract in 1979, they hired a retired judge to hear their megabuck dispute behind closed doors. (Before the trial began, however, they settled the case.)

Judges regard the system as the best thing since raised benches. Los Angeles jurists, who earn $60,000 a year, retire comfortably: a 20-year man receives a pension of $45,000. But an energetic ex-judge can increase that income greatly by freelancing. Eugene Sax received more than $40,000 for five months of work on a dispute between California's air resources board and several oil industry giants.

Los Angeles Attorney Hillel Chodos

"Lawyers have to justify their existence."

Because private courts can work only when both parties want a prompt decision, their growth potential is limited. Explains Judge Schauer: "Over 99.9% of our cases involve one side that doesn't want to go to court. Defendants don't want that day of judgment." The typical rent-a-judge case involves squabbling business partners who are eager to get a ruling and resume their profitable venture. Recently, private judges have also started handling family law matters.

The private jurist program resembles arbitration, a widely used procedure that calls on a non-judge to resolve disputes typically involving labor contracts. But the California procedure has some features that arbitration does not. Examples: the judge must adhere to regular procedural and substantive aspects of law, and decisions can be appealed.

Critics of private justice programs contend that they have two great faults. One is the secrecy of the court proceedings, which disturbs many champions of press freedom. Another is that private courts are inherently discriminatory, since the swift justice they offer is available only to those who can afford to hire a judge. On the other hand, says Preble Stolz, a law professor at Berkeley, "if the cases that this system takes out of the pipeline are the ones that take several months to try normally, then that amounts to quite a bit of time saved to try many other cases in the normal court system." Because private judges can help unclog court calendars, justice can become somewhat swifter for everyone. ■

Bearing Witness

The right not to work is upheld

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares.
—Isaiah 2: 4

To Eddie Thomas, a Jehovah's Witness, his new job seemed "a grave contradiction." He had been a steelworker in East Chicago, Ind. But in 1975 his employer, the Blaw-Knox Foundry & Machinery Co., eliminated his job and transferred him to an assembly line turning out tank turrets. Jehovah's Witnesses are not strict pacifists, but they believe in taking up arms only in a holy war for Jehovah. Since the firm had no nonmilitary jobs to offer, Thomas felt obliged to quit. Until he could find other work, to support his wife and four children he applied to the state for unemployment benefits. A review board denied him a stipend, ruling that he had left his job "without good cause." Thomas took his case all the way to the Supreme Court, and last week, after a five-year fight, he was vindicated.

By an 8-to-1 vote, the high court ruled that Indiana's action violated the First Amendment's guarantee of religious freedom. Forcing a worker to forgo a government benefit when he has acted on his religious principles is unconstitutionally "coercive," wrote Chief Justice Warren Burger. "While the compulsion may be indirect, the infringement upon free exercise is nonetheless substantial." The precedent cited by the majority was a 1963 case that upheld a Seventh-day Adventist's right to unemployment benefits after she left a job that began requiring work on Saturday, her Sabbath.

Since one of Thomas' co-workers was a Jehovah's Witness who stayed on the job, reasoning that tank making was too indirect a form of taking up arms to be immoral, the court could have concluded that Thomas took advantage of the situation. Instead, the Justices defended Thomas' broad view. "In this sensitive area," wrote Burger, "it is not within the judicial function and judicial competence to inquire whether the petitioner or his fellow worker more correctly perceived the commands of their common faith."

As a result of the court's action, Thomas, 41, who now works for U.S. Steel, becomes eligible for $1,055 in benefits for the seven months he was out of work. The money will come in handy, since his family has expanded to eight children, but he insisted that the principle was the main issue: "I wanted to focus attention on individuals who are hurt when a company tells them to do something else. They can put you anywhere they want. Sometimes you can't work at a new job with a clear conscience." ■

The Coming Defense Bonanza

The Pentagon goes shopping for ships, planes, missiles and more

At the Bath Iron Works in Bath, Me., officials anxiously await the Government contract order for more new $200 million guided-missile frigates. At Litton Industries in Beverly Hills, executives are putting final plans together for a $64 million expansion to accommodate expected new Pentagon business. A few miles away in Hawthorne, Calif., the Northrop Corp. is preparing to quadruple production of the Navy's F/A-18 fighter plane to two per month.

These are some of the increasingly frequent signs of the growing boom in America's defense industry, as contractors await a sales bonanza from the Reagan Administration's military buildup. The sums of money involved are immense. The President wants to boost the Pentagon's budget from the $171.2 billion allocated by the Carter Administration this year to $226.3 billion in fiscal year 1982. That amount is twice as much as Saudi Arabia earned from crude oil exports last year and twice the gross national product of Switzerland. Moreover by 1986 Reagan wants to increase the defense budget to a staggering $374.3 billion, or more than double this year's level.

The President now seems likely to get most of what he wants. Last week Democrats in the House of Representatives proposed their own version of the 1982 budget, but it cut defense expenditures by only $4.3 billion. Even those minor reductions are unlikely to remain in the final House bill. In the Republican-dominated Senate, the Budget Committee last week approved spending even more on defense in fiscal 1982 than the President had requested.

The full impact of the new Pentagon spending, however, will not be felt for several years. Military expenditures in peace-time always involve long lead times because of the problems involved with developing new weapons and starting up production facilities. Executives at General Electric's aircraft engine division in Lynn, Mass., do not expect to receive big payoffs from the Reagan spending before 1984 or 1985. The Army, for example, wants more of GE's T-700 engines for its Black Hawk helicopters, but it will be at least a year before any additional machines can be produced. Said one company executive: "You know it's not like making more toasters or light bulbs."

The biggest share of the new military orders will go to the giant aerospace and shipbuilding companies. Some of the major gainers from the Reagan buildup:

McDonnell Douglas. This St. Louis–based aerospace manufacturer is now the second largest defense contractor, but it is likely to be the biggest winner from the new program. McDonnell Douglas currently supplies the Air Force with the F-15 Eagle fighter. The company has already delivered 600 F-15s to the Air Force for $7.2 billion and expects orders for 200 more at a cost of $2.4 billion. In partnership with Northrop, the firm has started production of the F/A-18 Hornet strike fighter. It expects to sell 1,377 of them to the Navy and Marine Corps at a total cost of $24 billion. McDonnell Douglas is also cooperating with British Aerospace to produce for the Marines a vertical short-takeoff and -landing fighter known as the AV-8B. Orders could reach 336 for a total cost of $3.4 billion. In addition, the Reagan budget provided $482 million to buy eight KC-10 military cargo planes, the military version of the company's DC-10. Carter's defense spending program for 1982 had wiped out those sales.

General Dynamics. Currently the Pentagon's largest supplier, General Dynamics expects to sell 1,388 new F-16 fighter planes to the Air Force over the next ten years. Known as the Fighting Falcon, this is a versatile, lightweight fighter, which is also capable of launching land and sea attacks; the F-15 is designed primarily for air-to-air combat. General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division in Groton, Conn., makes the SSN 688 nuclear-fueled attack submarines as well as the trouble-plagued Trident missile-launching subs. The Navy has ordered eight Tridents, and cost overruns have now pushed the price to more than $1.2 billion each. The company also has contracts for 48 sea-launched Tomahawk cruise missiles at a total cost of about $96 million.

Tenneco. Plans to increase the Navy's fleet of major combat vessels from 450 to 600 by the end of the decade have pumped new life into Tenneco's shipyard in Newport News, Va. The labor force has swelled by 3,000, to nearly 25,000, over the past two years, and $100 million has been invested to expand the capacity of the 95-year-old facility. Tenneco has a $1.2 billion contract to build a fourth 1,092-ft.-long nuclear carrier for delivery in 1987. A fifth carrier may also be built as part of the Reagan program. Last

Military hardware on parade: Rockwell's B-1 bomber . . .

. . . FMC's infantry fighting vehicle

month the Navy awarded a $1 billion contract to Tenneco for the construction of three SSN 688 nuclear submarines, after a bitter dispute with General Dynamics over the quality of workmanship and cost overruns at the Groton plant.

Beyond the flashy big-ticket items, defense dollars will be trickling down to lesser-known contractors. For example, Raymond Tower, the president of Chicago's FMC Corp., told defense industry analysts last week that he expects his company's military sales to double in the next two years to about $1.2 billion. FMC last month won a $102.5 million order for 1,002 armored personnel carriers equipped with single 50-cal. machine guns. Money for the vehicles had been in Carter's defense budgets, but the company is now planning a more expensive second generation of troop carriers, known as infantry-fighting vehicles, that carry antitank missiles and are capable of nighttime fighting. Total value of the contract: $400 million.

The biggest single item in Reagan's 1982 defense budget is $2.4 billion for development of the MX missile, the new mobile intercontinental ballistic weapon. Prime contractors include Martin Marietta, TRW, Rockwell International and Boeing. Construction has so far been delayed because the Reagan Administration wants to review whether the weapon should be based on land, in submarines or, incredibly, in dirigibles.

The largest new weapons system in the Reagan defense plan will be the $25 billion program to develop and build a new manned bomber to replace the vintage B-52s. Three and a half years ago, President Carter killed plans for such a plane, when he scrapped the B-1, which was being built by Rockwell International. But the company will be back in the bidding for the new bomber with a modified design of the B-1, now renamed the LRCA for Long Range Combat Aircraft. The Air Force is also considering a stretched version of the General Dynamics FB-111, a swing-wing bomber that can fly at twice the speed of sound and would cost approximately half as much as the B-1.

The surge in new defense contracts will place a heavy strain on an industry that has been coasting along in second gear since the end of the Viet Nam War. Most companies cut payrolls sharply during the late '70s, and they now face shortages of both experienced aerospace engineers and blue-collar employees, including skilled production-line workers and tool- and die-makers. Says Hugh Johnson, vice president of First Albany Corp., a New York brokerage firm specializing in the defense industry: "Labor is going to be a real problem. Conservatively, the shortage of engineers ranges between 15% and 20%."

Even though contractors are spiritedly jousting for new contracts, manufacturing facilities will be strained to meet demand. A House Armed Services Committee report last year concluded that the "defense industrial base has deteriorated and is in danger of further deterioration in coming years." It warned that without the addition of new facilities, the U.S. will be "attempting the impossible: the re-establishment of a first-rate military force on a second-rate industrial base." John Richardson, president of Hughes Aircraft, admits: "The defense industry will be hard pressed because of shortages of critical materials and a declining network of industry suppliers."

STEVE MANSEN

Many economists have long considered defense spending inflationary because it increases incomes and demand in the economy without enlarging the supply of goods and services. Military expenditures also absorb capital investment that might have been used to increase productivity in other areas of the economy. The Viet Nam War, for example, is generally blamed for starting the current 15-year-long bout with inflation.

Budget Director David Stockman insists, however, there will be no repetition of that this time. He argues that the outbreak of inflation in the 1960s was caused by the combination of Great Society spending programs, Viet Nam War expenditures and the absence of a tax increase. As long as other Government spending is sharply reduced, Stockman maintains, the increased Pentagon expenditures should not add to price problems.

Economists generally agree that the Reagan defense buildup should not necessarily cause more inflation. Says Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution: "Defense spending does not automatically add to inflationary pressures. Buying a weapons system is not economically different from buying a dam or paying somebody to teach on an Indian reservation." But after the Viet Nam experience, skeptics will be watching closely for any signs of added inflation from the new military buildup. *—By Alexander Taylor. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Boston and Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles*

Bath Iron Works' missile frigate . . . General Dynamics' F-16

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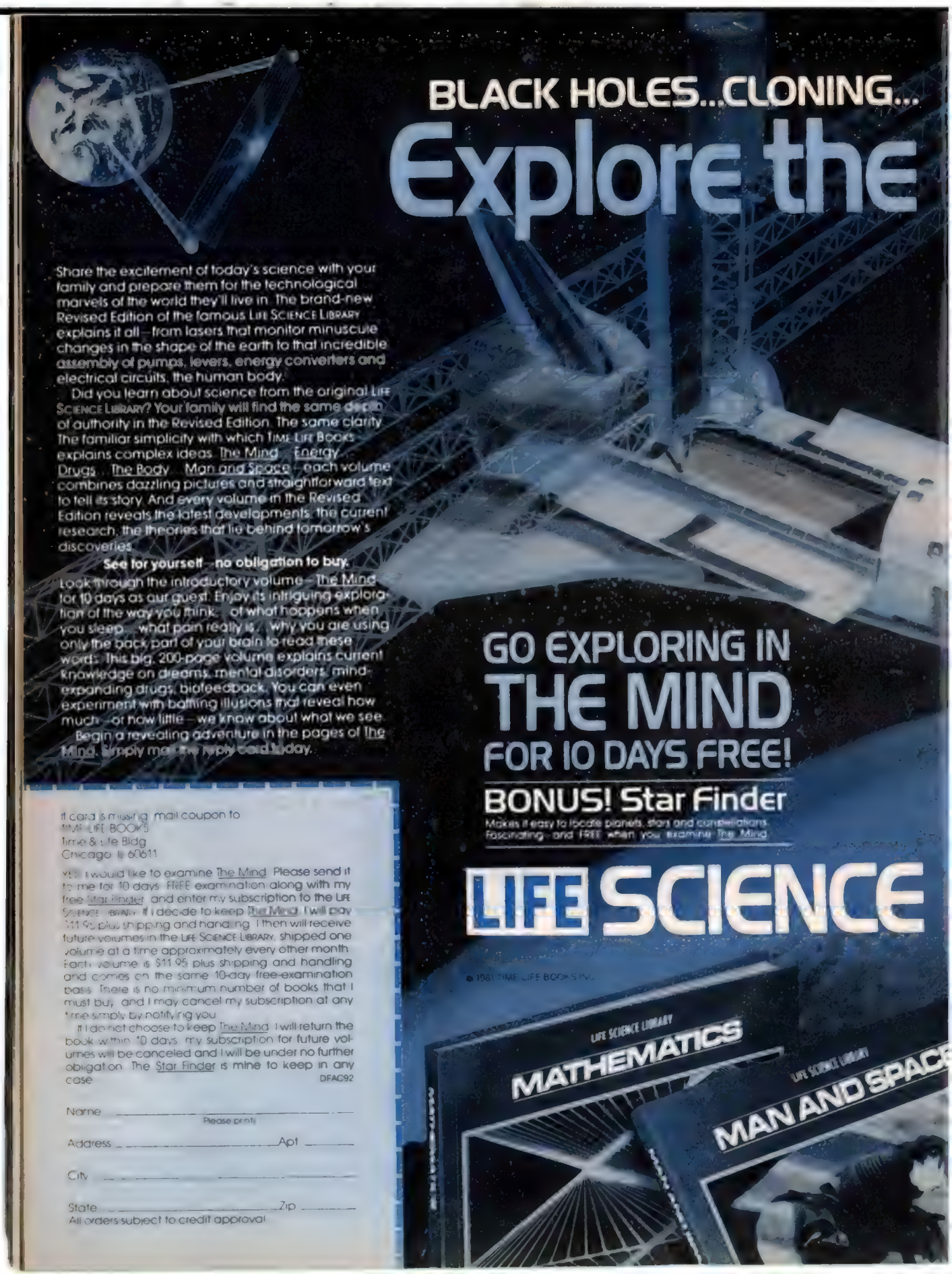

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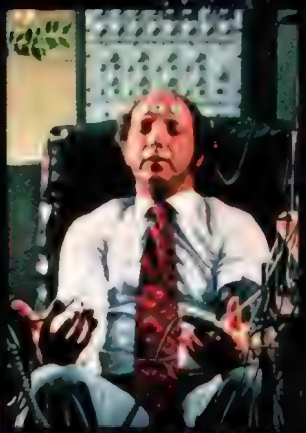

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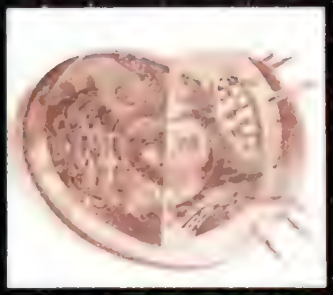

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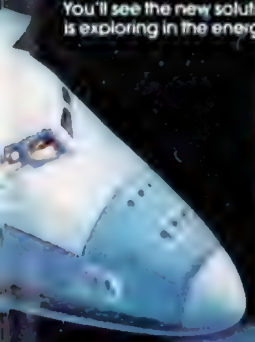

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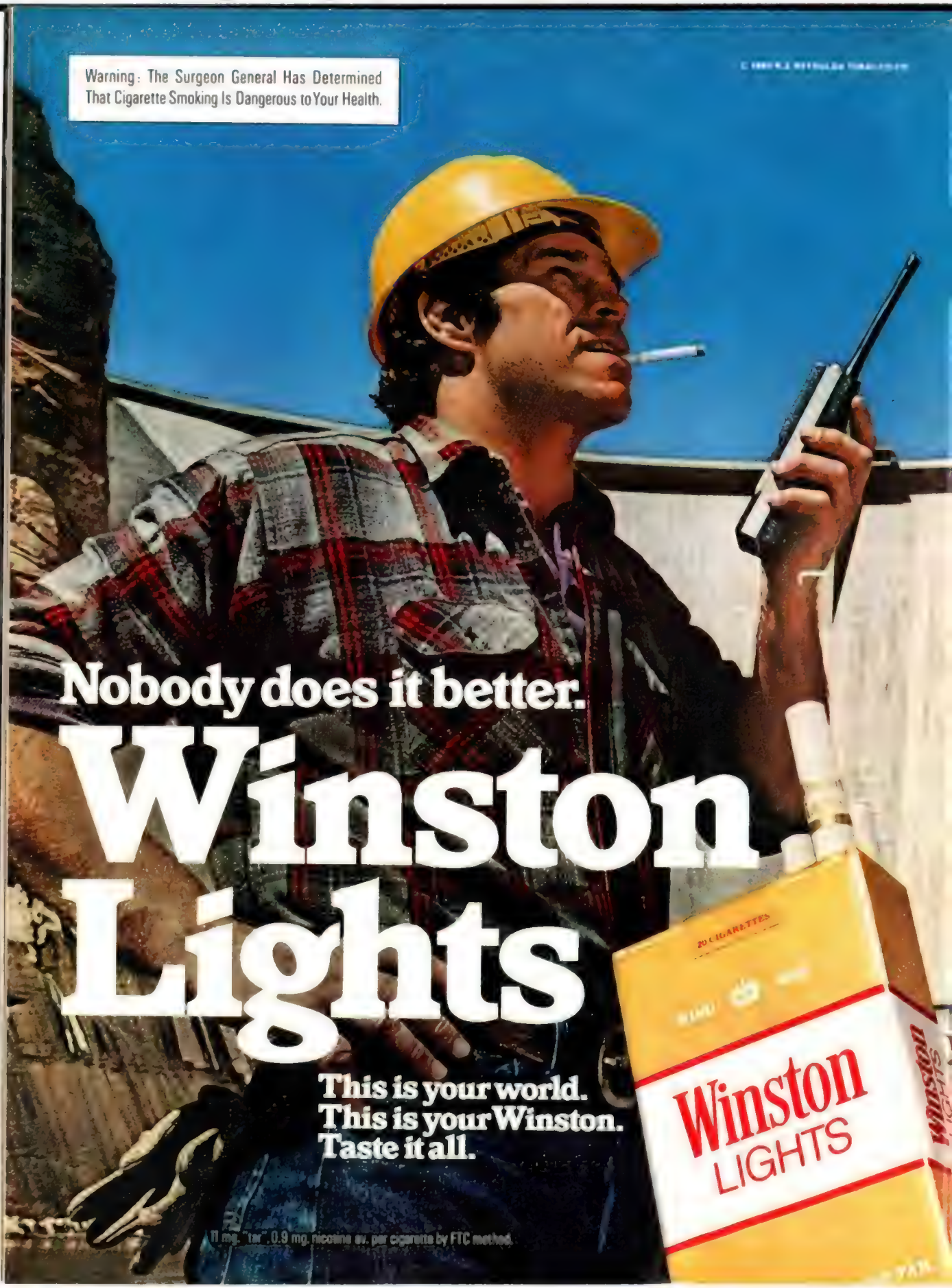
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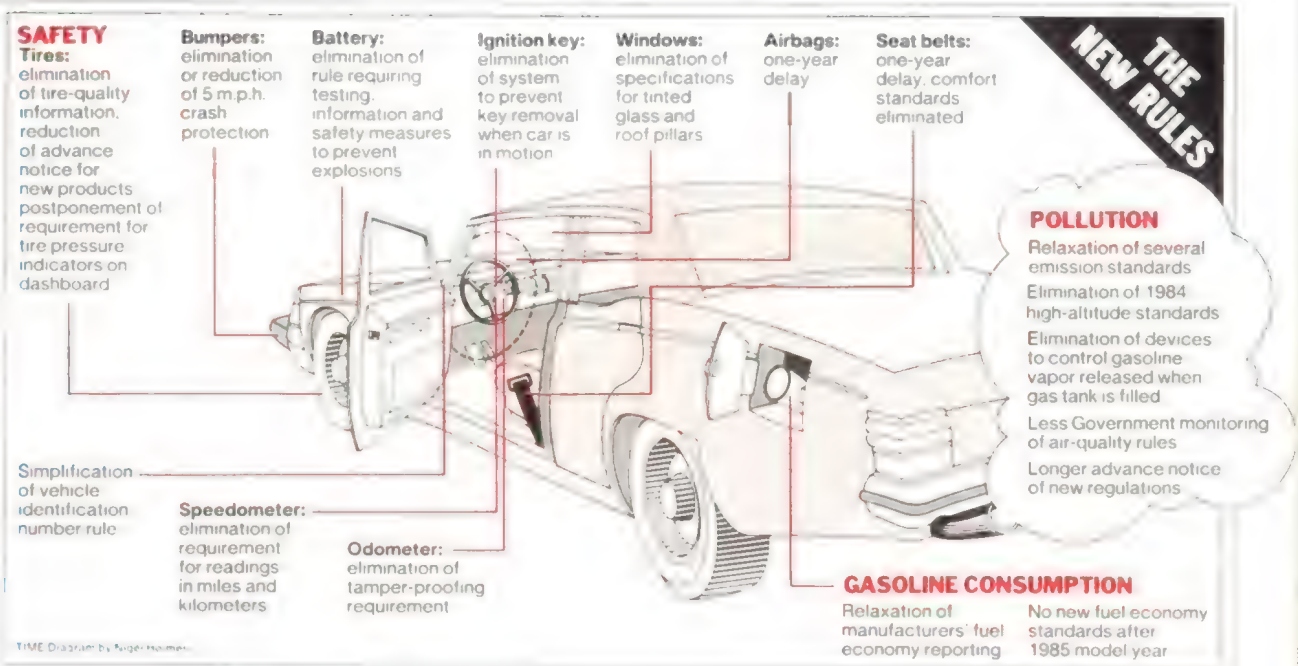


Recall on Regulations

Washington drops some costly and questionable auto rules

During the past 15 years, the American automobile has been designed almost as much by Washington bureaucrats as by Detroit automakers. In order to comply with federal safety and consumer-protection regulations, cars took on a variety of new features that included anti-whiplash headrests, impact-resistant bumpers, and safety belts that set off an irritating buzz until everyone in front had buckled up.

The endless flood of new auto regulations may have ended last week, when the Reagan Administration announced the rollback of a series of rules governing cars. The White House proclaimed that the Government will eliminate a total of 34 air-quality and safety regulations that it does not consider cost-efficient. It estimated that these changes will save automakers $1.3 billion and consumers $8 billion over the next five years. Explained Vice President George Bush: "Our thesis on regulation is that it's gone too far."

The Administration measures did not in any way constitute a repeal of the major safety and clean-air standards. But they did revoke some classic examples of costly and questionable bureaucratic rule-making. For example, the introduction of airbags or automatic seat belts, which was to have been started with some 1982 full-size models, has been put off for at least a year. The requirement to equip cars with dashboard gauges that tell drivers when their tires are underinflated was eliminated. The Reagan Administration also modified the regulation requiring bumpers to withstand crashes at speeds of up to 5 m.p.h. without a dent.

Another casualty, fuel-efficiency standards to take effect after 1985. Because of consumer demand for smaller cars, Detroit is already far ahead of the Government-mandated fuel-economy standards that require each automaker's fleet of cars to reach an average of 27.5 m.p.g. by 1985.

In addition, the White House will ask Congress to amend the Clean Air Act so that cars sold in areas at normal altitude will not have to meet the extra emission standards set for places at high altitude like Denver. That requirement, which would have gone into effect on 1984 models, would increase the cost of every car by an estimated $100 to $150. Quips Keith Crain, publisher of *Automotive News*: "It's already got to the point where if a guy goes out to his garage, closes the door and turns on the engine to commit suicide, all he does is come out four hours later feeling much better."

Detroit executives were obviously pleased with the Reagan decisions. General Motors Chairman Roger Smith called them "a sensible step toward making regulation more cost-effective." Added James W. McLernon, president of Volkswagen of America: "This is a giant step toward restoring the long-term health of the American automotive industry." But Ralph Nader, the father of many of the auto rules, protested bitterly. Said he: "These regulation rollbacks are going to kill a lot of people and ruin the health and environment for others."

The relief from excessive regulation, though, did not satisfy all the wishes of automakers. Equally pressing on their minds is the question of Japanese auto imports, which last year captured 21% of the new-car market in the U.S. All three major American producers continue to urge restrictions on Japanese cars.

U.S. trade negotiators visiting Tokyo last week, however, did not push the Japanese to cut back on their American sales. The Japanese then nervously hinted that they might restrain their exports to the U.S. without being asked. A growing number of industrial leaders in Japan now believe that auto exports have inflamed too much anti-Japanese sentiment in the U.S. and that Japanese automakers are being unnecessarily stubborn. Said a vice president at Japan's giant Mitsubishi Electric Corp.: "The auto companies are behaving like a visitor to a hospital who prances around a dying patient's bed wearing noisy wooden clogs."

Any help from Japan cannot come too soon for Detroit. Chrysler continues to search for a merger partner, and last week Ford Motor Co. publicly rejected a suggestion that it combine with Chrysler. Ford estimated that its own losses for the first quarter of 1981 could approach $500 million, even worse than the $270 million that Chrysler is expected to lose during the same period.

Meanwhile, the U.S. auto industry, almost without notice, has glided past another ominous milestone. When General Motors two weeks ago raised the price of its cars by about $351, the sticker price for the average GM car climbed just slightly above $10,000. A decade ago, such a five-figure price tag was reserved for fancy limousines and recklessly expensive sports cars. Today it would buy only a modishly equipped Oldsmobile Delta. —*By Edward E. Scharff. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Barrett Seaman/Detroit*

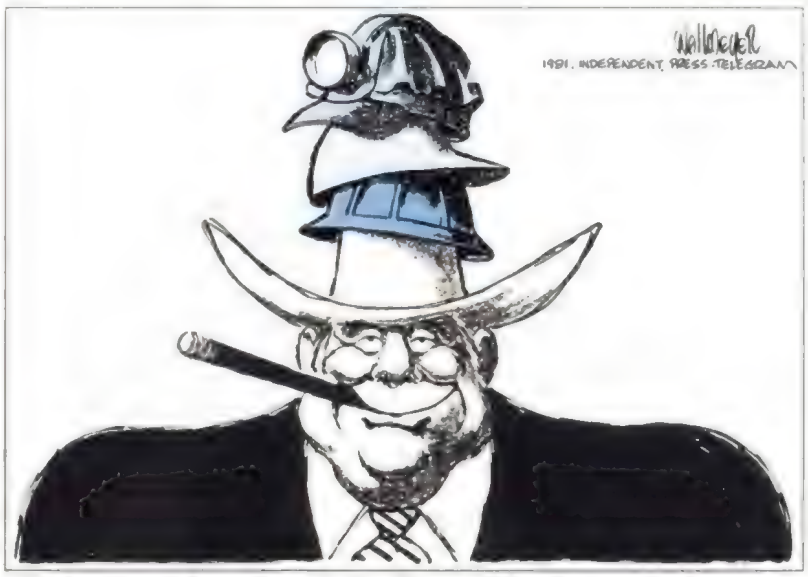
The Little Stick of Antitrust

The Reaganauts cast a more favorable eye toward mergers

When the U.S. Government began bashing business monopolies, or near monopolies, around the turn of the century, the targets were big, bad and mean, and they existed in almost every basic industry. Standard Oil controlled 84% of U.S. oil marketing, competitors to American Tobacco were mere puffs of smoke and United States Steel was an incredible amalgam of 148 companies that dwarfed runners-up. Washington's vigorous trustbusters lashed out against a variety of anticompetitive practices: Hollywood studios' control of movie theaters, Eastman Kodak's grip on film processing and United Shoe Machinery's knot on shoe manufacturing equipment.

But in the past decade or so, the trustbusters seem to have run out of clearly evil dragons to slay. The fact that bigness is not necessarily bad also seems to be sinking in. Indeed, bigness can boost U.S. competitiveness abroad. Richard McLaren, chief of the Justice Department's antitrust division in the early Nixon years, is widely regarded as the last antitrust boss to do anything truly innovative; under Jimmy Carter, no new major antitrust cases were filed.

Now the early signs indicate that the Reagan Administration will continue the lassitude in antitrust action. During his confirmation hearing in March, Reagan Antitrust Chief William Baxter, a Stanford law professor, strongly hinted that he would not meddle in such deals as Standard Oil of California's $4 billion bid to buy Amax, a producer of molybdenum and specialty metals. Standard Oil of Ohio's decision to buy Kennecott Copper for $1.8 billion, or Arco's purchase in 1977 of the Anaconda Co. The mere mention of such mergers between natural-resource giants would have set an oldtime trustbuster's blood boiling, and even Baxter conceded that his agency would act if the combinations turned out to be blatantly anticompetitive. But then he softened his stance by saying that there would be no interference if the mergers were only "the efficient movement of funds from a cash-rich company to a company with serious investment needs." That is precisely the grounds for most recent energy mergers.



This is (a) Big Oil; (b) Big Copper; (c) Big Uranium; (d) Big Coal; (e) all of the above . . .

Baxter says that he intends to rewrite the antitrust division's 13-year-old guidelines on mergers in a way to permit more corporate couplings. He says he does not believe in putting more "weight in the saddlebags of the faster runners." In other areas, the Reaganauts seem to be giving the green light to practices that have previously been regarded as anticompetitive, or nearly so. One of the most important is that the U.S. may allow American companies to form joint ventures for doing international business. That would make U.S. firms more competitive with foreign enterprises, which have long been permitted to engage in such ventures.

The Reagan Administration, though, will continue fighting several big antitrust cases that have been pending for years. The case against International Business Machines has been droning on since the first papers were filed on the final working day of the Johnson Administration in January 1969. Last week, with IBM still preparing its surrebuttal to the Government's rebuttal, Baxter said: "I don't think it was well handled by the Government, or IBM, or the court. It's very troublesome."

Another blockbuster is the suit filed in 1974 against American Telephone and Telegraph, which, among other items, seeks to break off the Bell System's manufacturing arm, Western Electric, from the parent company. Baxter last week talked tough on that case. Said he: "I intend to litigate it to the eyeballs." However the Pentagon wants an end to the case; Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger last month urged the Justice Department to drop the matter because of the company's critical role in military communications. Baxter refused but indicated that he would listen to Defense's arguments when it came to actually splitting up the giant company.

The clearest indication of where Reagan's antitrust policy is headed, though, lies not in the Justice Department but in the Federal Trade Commission. The FTC has been scorned in recent years for such silly actions as trying to regulate the content of cereal ads on Saturday morning TV cartoon shows for children. That and similar cases earned the agency the nickname "The Nation's Nanny." Baxter would like to strip the FTC of its antitrust functions, which overlap those of Justice, without any corresponding increase in Justice Department funding for antitrust work. Says he: "I see no reason to have two Treasury Departments, and no reason to have two antitrust enforcement agencies." Budget Director David Stockman advocated removing antitrust matters from the FTC's domain, but some key Congressmen demanded that the agency continue to work in that area.

Though the Reagan antitrusters will probably keep a sharp eye on price-fixing and so-called horizontal mergers between two companies in the same field, the trustbuster's role as a crusader against business now appears to be all but expired. Talleyrand's observation that "treason—it's a question of the times" applies in many ways to antitrust policy. Economist Lester C. Thurow of M.I.T., for example, criticizes the "futility and obsolescence of the antitrust laws." He and others argue that rules largely written nearly a century ago no longer apply to today's international business scene.

The primary rivals of such corporate goliaths as General Motors or IBM are now foreign companies, especially Japanese ones. The important competition in many markets is not among American firms, but between U.S. and foreign companies. Such actions as splitting off the Chevrolet division from General Motors, which the FTC considered as recently as 1976, seem archaic at a time when many American industries are fighting for survival. *—By John S. DeMott. Reported by David Beckwith and Evan Thomas/Washington*

Strategic Gaps

Rebuilding the stockpile

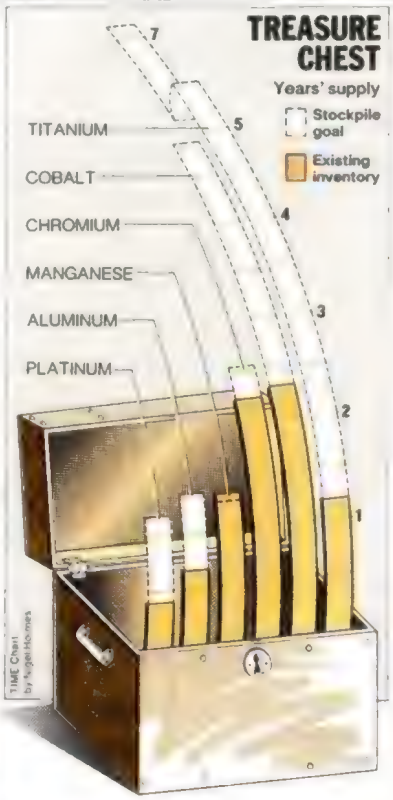
For all its vast natural wealth, the U.S. is dangerously dependent on foreign suppliers for a number of imports vital for defense production or high-technology equipment. President Reagan warned last month that "it is now widely recognized that our nation is vulnerable to sudden shortages in basic raw materials." Last week the Senate subcommittee on energy and mineral resources continued hearings on how to expand domestic production of strategic materials and start increasing the small American stockpile.

Reagan has given the General Services Administration $100 million to start buying as many as 15 materials for the National Defense Stockpile. In addition to high-temperature metals used in jet engines, such as cobalt, titanium and columbium, the Government will consider buying oddities like sisal fibers, a key ingredient for rope; castor-bean oil, a high-quality lubricant; and pyrethrum, an insecticide. While the amounts are not yet great, they represent a new direction in policy. Said Congressman James Santini, a Democrat from Nevada, "This is both a substantive and symbolic beginning. It's long overdue."

The National Defense Stockpile was started in 1939 and grew rapidly during the Korean War, when the U.S. committed $8 billion to expand production of some 90 strategic materials and subsequently stockpiled them in more than 100 locations around the U.S. Manganese and chromium were stored in huge outdoor dumps, and rubber was cached in refrigerated warehouses. The goal was to have enough material to sustain military production and meet industrial needs during a three-year war.

But in the early 1970s the Government started selling off its strategic hope chest in order to cut down on imports and improve the balance of payments. The result is that the stockpile is sadly depleted. Only 21 of the 62 basic materials in storage are now in sufficient supply to meet national security requirements. For instance, the U.S. imports virtually all of its platinum-group metals, which are used for oil-refining equipment and to make catalytic converters for automobiles. Yet the Government has stockpiled just 35% of the amount of platinum that it believes the country needs to hold in reserve.

Administration officials now worry that the Soviet Union, which has large strategic minerals resources, plans to reduce exports and step up purchases on the world market in competition with the West. That could endanger U.S. supplies of chromium and platinum, for example. A study by Dr. Daniel Fine of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Mining and Minerals Research Institute concluded last year that the Soviet Union is becoming a net purchaser of key minerals as a way of protecting its own reserves.



Said Interior Secretary James Watt: "Our dependence on foreign supplies jeopardizes our defense posture. We think we are really confronted with the possibility of a resource war."

Rebuilding the stockpile, however, is likely to run into some serious foreign policy complications. The U.S. has become dependent on the countries of southern Africa for seven key materials (platinum metals, manganese, chromium, cobalt, industrial diamonds, fluorspar and antimony). The U.S. gets 53% of its platinum from white-ruled South Africa, for example, and 42% of its cobalt from black-run Zaïre. A pronounced policy tilt toward either country could antagonize the other and thus endanger supplies.

Secretary Watt, who heads a new Cabinet-level council on natural resources and environment, told the Senate energy and mineral resources subcommittee that the U.S. must increase the levels of the strategic stockpile, and also urged more exploration for minerals on federal lands. Said Watt: "The best answer to long-term minerals availability is domestic production." Environmental concerns have often blocked mining in the past.

The Government hopes to help finance a bigger strategic stockpile by selling off $6 billion in excess supplies of some minerals, including silver, tin and tungsten. But with the total cost of rebuilding America's strategic storehouse put at $20 billion, the process could be long. At the current pace the job will not be completed until about 2041. ■

Tardy Taxes

Playing audit roulette

The Internal Revenue Service urges people to file their tax returns as early as possible, but is this really good advice? Paul N. Strassels, a former IRS legal specialist and author of *All You Need to Know About the IRS*, maintains that the best time to send in a return is around April 10. This is very close to the April 15 deadline, but it still provides a safety margin for slow mails. Strassels says that the rush to tax judgment in mid-April is so heavy that there is less chance that a last-minute return will be plucked out for special scrutiny.

Whether or not Strassels is right, enough people apparently believe him to cause headaches for the IRS. A year ago, for example, when *All You Need to Know* was high on the bestseller list, taxpayers filed last-minute returns in greater numbers than the IRS had expected. Partly as a result of that, the agency last year audited 94,000 fewer returns than it had the year before. The IRS lamely explains that the lower number of audits was because its staff concentrates on the more complicated and time-consuming cases.

Strassels is not alone in advising people to avoid filing early unless they have a refund coming. The new *Dictionary of 1040 Deductions*, which is published by Mathew Bender & Co., also suggests that taxpayers delay their returns until near or on the due date. Says Bender Tax Lawyer Michael Buxbaum: "This is a matter of statistics, not law. Last-minute filing is advantageous, but whether it helps one or two people or a few hundred thousand we really don't know."

The IRS denies that eleventh-hour filing can help beat the odds in audit roulette. Says Spokesman Larry Batdorf: "The computer does not select tax forms for audit at random. It is programmed to pick out certain kinds of forms regardless of who files them or when they are filed." The IRS also says that it does not make any effort to gear up for an unusual mid-April landslide.

But the IRS could scarcely afford to admit that last-minute filing makes a difference. Such a confession would undoubtedly cause an even greater avalanche of last-minute returns and make the agency's task Herculean. Nonetheless, last year the IRS audited only 2.02% of the 93 million individual returns it received, well below the 3.6% it checked in 1968. Two weeks ago, Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan decided to help restore fear as the foundation of the tax system by shifting an additional 548 IRS employees into the audit and collection divisions. ■

Rivals to the King James Throne

A blooming new Bible market offers a confusion of choices

Every day the trucks pull up to the loading docks at Riverside Book and Bible Co., tucked into the cornfields of Iowa Falls, Iowa, and haul away 40 tons of Bibles. Riverside, the nation's biggest Bible wholesaler, enjoyed a 34% jump in sales last year, to $25 million.

It has always been a salesman's maxim that Bibles are a recession-proof product, and, with America's new turn to old-time religion, business is in full boom. Sales run to more than $150 million a year in the U.S. The industry is not only growing but evolving, from a steady but unglamorous trade to a high-pressure one. Verily, the Bible is in the process of becoming the greatest story ever sold.

Today there is a Bible for every taste —or lack thereof. For the Christian who has everything, Oxford Press offers the *Washburn College Bible*, a dressed-up King James Version with 66 full-color reproductions of masterpieces from Giotto to Rouault and three screen prints by Josef Albers: $3,500 for a red leather-bound three-volume "limited edition" in a cloth-covered redwood case. A scaled-down one-volume slipcased trade version costs a mere $65. (Oxford's cheapest King James is $12.50.) At the opposite end of the cultural scale, Scarf Press and David C. Cook have issued Bibles in comic-strip form. There are also vulgar paraphrases of the New Testament aimed at young "Jesus people," as well as curious "chronological Bibles," which purport to rearrange events in exact "historical" order. *Reader's Digest* is at work on a condensed Bible. By 1982 it will cut the Old and New Testaments nearly in half, by trimming out repetitions and wordiness rather than by chopping chapter and verse.

Even apart from such oddities, there is an unprecedented confusion of choices in standard full-length Bibles. Never have so many major new translations been on the market. An era of intense activity will be completed next year with the projected release of the Jewish Publication Society's *Holy Scriptures* (the Christian's Old Testament). Roman Catholics for the first time have excellent English translations from the original Greek and Hebrew languages: the official *New American Bible* (1970) and Britain's *Jerusalem Bible* (1966).

Albers' *Ascension;* Easter in comic-strip edition

A collection of bestselling Bibles: the greatest story ever sold

An abandoned bride "picking lice," a "stag party" on Herod's birthday

But Protestants buy 80% of the Bibles sold in the U.S., and they are confronted with a series of noisily promoted new translations, each competing in a Bible market dominated for three centuries by the King James Version.

According to a 1978 survey, the average American home has four Bibles, and virtually every home in the nation has one Bible—usually King James. Its continuing popularity is due to familiarity, as well as richness of language. Also, many special study editions of the King James offer useful cross references, indexes, explanatory articles and other "helps." The four most popular: the *Scofield Reference Bible* (Oxford; cheapest edition $14.95), the *Thompson Chain Reference* (Kirkbride; $21.95), the *Open Bible* (Thomas Nelson; $21.95) and the *Ryrie Study Bible* (Moody; $21.95).

The King James is no longer the single predominant American Bible, though, for a number of reasons. First, it is often confusing, especially for the young. The problem goes well beyond *thee* and *thou* or verb forms like *loveth*. Numerous words have changed meaning over the centuries. In current terms *feeble-minded* in *1 Thessalonians 5: 14* ("Comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak . . .") actually means fainthearted. Today King James syntax is hard going for a general public better attuned to thrillers than Shakespeare.

More important, biblical scholars insist the King James is no longer accurate enough. It was translated from relatively late medieval manuscripts in Hebrew and Greek, the best available then, but 20th century research has turned up texts that are as many as 1,000 years closer to the originals. The ending to the Lord's Prayer in *Matthew 6: 13*, for instance, beginning with "for thine is the kingdom," is not in the earliest manuscripts.

One way to deal with such criticism is to edit the King James, clipping some oddities of language and correcting notable errors. Several Protestant editions attempt just that:

Revised Standard Version (1952, 50 million sold to date, cheapest hardcover edition $4.50). This translation is sold by many Bible publishers. It keeps close to King James phrasing with modest updating; for example, *Psalm 23:* "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he makes me lie [instead of "maketh me to lie"] down in green pastures . . ." It has made use of the latest research into sources, and so is highly regarded by scholars. The *R.S.V.* is a useful text for many purposes and most denominations. But Evangelicals and Fundamentalists, who buy the King James Version in the hundreds of thousands each year, are suspicious of the *R.S.V.* because many translators with relatively liberal theologies were involved. It was sponsored by the National Council of Churches, also disliked by conservatives. Fundamentalists are at odds with some specific translations, most notably *Isaiah 7: 14*, where "a young woman shall conceive" is used instead of "a virgin shall conceive." Such language, Fundamentalists assert, undermines belief in the virgin birth. A revised *Revised*, due in the 1980s, may prove even less acceptable, not only to Fundamentalists but to other groups.

because it will eliminate "masculine-biased" language where the text permits. (The forthcoming *Psalm 8: 4:* "What is a human being [not "man"] that you are mindful of him?")

New King James Bible (New Testament only, 1979, Thomas Nelson, $7.95). This version stays close to King James phrasing and drops archaic words. Sales figures are secret, but over 500,000 are in print. To help in promotion, Nelson, the biggest Bible publisher in the U.S. ($40 million in annual sales), signed up conservative stalwarts, including Jerry Falwell, as editors. There will be considerable commercial fanfare when the full Bible comes out next year. But like the old King, the *New King* is hobbled by its dependence on what even conservative experts agree are outdated manuscript sources.

New American Standard Bible (1971, 14 million sold, $13.95). This update of the King James rigidly follows the original Hebrew and Greek syntax ("... Then entered in therefore the other disciple also"), and because of this became a surprise bestseller among studious conservatives. But as literature, it is strictly beaverboard, and so does not justify its title as a "standard Bible."

The flaws of the King James and its revisions have inspired a new wave of modern Protestant Bibles that go back to original sources, creating an entirely new translation. Trying to strike a delicate balance between beauty and accuracy, the editors have produced spotty, often controversial results:

New English Bible (1970, Oxford and Cambridge Presses, 12 million sold, $8.95). Originally notable because it was the first British Bible to break completely with the King James tradition, the *N.E.B.* made some radical changes in an attempt to produce a clear, contemporary-sounding text with literary quality. The editors even shuffled some of the verses. More important, when the meaning of the Hebrew words was obscure, the *N.E.B.* construed new interpretations based on cognate words in other ancient Semitic languages, which are considered unacceptable by many experts. The results can be bewildering. In the opening of the *Song of Solomon*, the bride wishes to find her love so that "I may not be left picking lice." In the King James she asks, "Why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" American audiences sometimes quibble at word choices *(felloe, stook, distrain)* and find the Englishness of the text disconcerting. For example, St. Paul writes in *1 Corinthians 16: 8*, "I shall remain at Ephesus until Whitsuntide."

The *Living Bible* (1971, Tyndale House, 25 million sold, $7.95). Kenneth Taylor, former editor of Chicago's Moody Press, began this biblical rewrite because the King James perplexed his children. Taylor knows neither Greek nor Hebrew, but checked his work with experts. The result is a vastly popular, very interpretative, always readable paraphrase. The *Living Bible* is sometimes pretty breezy ("It was Herod's birthday and he gave a stag party"—*Mark 6: 21)* or shocking ("You son of a bitch!"—Saul to Jonathan in *1 Samuel 20: 30*—changed to "You fool!" in recent printings). Scholars, including some of Taylor's fellow Evangelicals, uncharitably accuse the book of "excess," "blatant mistranslation," "deliberate distortion" and "theological bias." Although it is not exactly the word of God, the *Living Bible* is useful in helping to convert young people and nonchurchgoing adults to Bible reading.

The *Good News Bible*, a.k.a. *Today's English Version* (1976, American Bible Society, 12 million sold, $4). Even the experts do not agree on whether the *Good News* is a "real" translation or a paraphrase, but generally scholars defend its faithfulness to the original. This Bible's really notable achievements are its simple vocabulary and an attempt at everyday idiom (*I Corinthians 13:* "I may be able to speak the languages of men and even of angels, but if I have no love, my speech is no more than a noisy gong or a clanging bell"). A better choice than the *Living Bible* for people who have trouble reading a more traditional version.

Bible Patron James I

New International Version (1978, Zondervan, 3 million sold, $10.95). Last year the *N.I.V.* rivaled the King James in sales, and it may be the Bible that finally breaks the King James' hold on Evangelical and Fundamentalist Bible buyers. This edition came about as a direct result of right-wing dissatisfaction with the *Revised Standard Version*. One hundred conservative scholars were assembled for the job; naturally they quickly restored the "virgin" to *Isaiah 7: 14* and followed other orthodox readings. But this is no biased Bible and is respected for its accuracy. For instance, it clearly indicates that the last verses of the *Gospel of Mark*, which report Jesus' appearances to various disciples after the Resurrection, are later additions. These verses are not found in the two most reliable early manuscripts. The *N.I.V.* and the rival *R.S.V.* are the two best all-purpose successors to the King James for American Protestants.

The proliferation of new Bibles is a mixed blessing. The English-speaking world has lost a resounding common text that shored up faith and lived in the memory of millions. The new texts, however, represent attempts to live with change and challenge readers to ponder anew the spirit and the message of Scripture. ***—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Steven Holmes/Chicago and other domestic bureaus***

Theater

Nudniks

FOOLS
by Neil Simon

How many people ankle up to a bar and ask for a lemonade? *Fools* is a lemonade play. It has a homey flavor, and it is not altogether unrefreshing, but it lacks the comic belt to command Broadway's current tab of $25 a shot.

Neil Simon has set his latest play in a kind of Anatevka-*cum*-Brigadoon locale. The town is called Kulyenchikov, and its inhabitants are Russian villagers. In Brigadoon, time stood still except for a day; in Kulyenchikov, minds stand still every minute. The natives are under a "long ago" curse damning them to stupidity.

John Rubinstein and Pamela Reed in *Fools*

The town butcher (Joseph Leon) sweeps dirt off his porch into his house. Told to lower her voice, the wife (Mary Louise Wilson) of an eye doctor (Harold Gould) scrunches toward the floor. Occasionally, Simon abandons these hoary vaudeville turns for a flash of absurdist humor. The doctor's daughter (Pamela Reed), adorable as she is dumb, is asked what her favorite color is and replies, "Yellow ... because it doesn't stick to your fingers so much." Her mother mutters: "I think she's wrong. I think it's blue."

A young schoolteacher (John Rubinstein) comes to Kulyenchikov. Smitten by Reed, he is swept into a kind of "Romeo and Wooliet" romance and lifts the village curse through true love. Rubinstein is an ardent and vastly sympathetic performer, but neither he nor the deft comic ministrations of Director Mike Nichols can salvage this show. For whatever it may mean, Simon's two weakest efforts in 19 plays have a Russian connection, *The Good Doctor*, a kind of Chekhovian doodle, and now *Fools*. When next tempted in that direction, he should probably say *nyet*. ***—By T.E. Kalem***

COVER STORY

Queen for a New Day

Britain's Lady Diana, at 19, the fairest of them all

Past the classic first editions bound in leather, pages leafed in gold. Past the photographs, all framed in hand-worked silver. Past the old oak tables crowded with souvenirs of distant, long-lived lives, toward a deep chair washed in the dim gold light of a British late autumn.

The man there looks up. He is of indeterminate age but clearly senior bearing. He smiles slightly, then turns down the volume of an old radio that is playing a familiar fragment from Mouret's *Symphony and Fanfare for the King's Supper*.

Diana visits Cheltenham and, above, tells an admirer,

He crosses his legs, letting the toe of his bench-made oxford dangle a little above the floor and occasionally—at moments of infrequent agitation—allowing it to graze the surface of the carpet underfoot.

He arranges his book in his lap, keeping his place casually with a finger, as if he does not expect to be interrupted for long. He settles back. He speaks.

"Good evening. I'm Alistair Booke. Welcome once again to the 50th anniversary of *Masterpiece Theater*, and the third chapter of our series *Monarchs in Love*. We have already seen the dedicated and rambunctious Prince of Wales —who had not yet become Charles III —in the sunset years of his bachelorhood, struggling to maintain his independence while hewing to a royal role that sometimes interfered with the imperatives of young manhood.

"Now young Wales, as he was known to intimates, was fully aware of the importance of his position, and worked tire-

lessly at the endless ceremonial duties the Prince must perform. One of these duties did not come so naturally to him as the others, however. That was marriage. He applied himself to that particular inevitability with not quite as much stamina but fully as much ingenuity as he devoted to mastering the steeplechase.

"It will be recalled from our first episode, *Where's Charlie?*, that the Prince took several nasty spills on the course about this time, and many of his subjects, who were aware that two previous Kings had died after horseback catastrophes, fretted about his well-being. Charles' attempts to find a suitable bride—or the attempts by the press to find one for him—resulted in many false starts, much bruised feeling and the occasional contretemps that seems, in retrospect, almost comic. At the time though, his quest was no laughing matter. Anthony Holden, one of his biographers, recalls that Charles became 'obsessed with the subject of marriage' and often noted, with a touch of sadness, that most of his friends were wed. We saw the feelings of his parents, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, turn from indulgence to impatience until, one long weekend when the Prince was away and unreachable, the Queen gave vent to the slightly petulant and now famous question that lent the episode its title.

"Last week in our second episode, *Separate Stables*, we watched Charles, by now a ripe old 32, reach back into his past, and turn the girl-next-door into his Queen-to-be. The announcement of his engagement to Lady Diana Spencer, who was just 19, was greeted with sighs of editorial relief and good will throughout what was still rather wistfully recalled as the British Empire. Wars, assorted political crises and the irresistible flux of world events had buffeted Britain badly. The empire had not existed in fact for over 30 years. But it lingered in memory. The romance of it. The pomp of it. And it was the new promise of pageantry that seemed, in the first tumultuous year of a most troubled and tumultuous decade, to be a kind of rejustification. A reasser-

The Prince and his lady give the world the word, and fetch up some smiles for posterity

"You will never live this down"

"Shy Di" turns sly

Ex-kindergarten teacher with charge

Strolling at track where H.R.H. tumbled

tion, if you will, of a dream.

"The fact that Lady Diana was such an ideal choice to play her magisterial role contributed greatly to what I recall was the giddiness, even the magic, of the occasion. She was beautiful, she was young, and she was—in every sense of the word—fresh. Much was made of her virginity at the time—the very notion having become, by then, something of an antique novelty and perhaps, in some circles, even an embarrassment—and the palace did all it could to keep Lady Diana unspoiled. No interviews. Not too much exposure. But Lady Diana had a mind of her own that soon showed the nickname given her by the press, 'Shy Di,' to be wide of the mark.

"Her first public appearance with Charles, when she wore a strapless gown, caused the kind of minor sensation that seemed to belong to a more innocent age. In those first early days, as she was preparing for the wedding and preparing to be Charles' consort away from the gaze of press and public, she had already become an instant part of popular mythology, an indelible woman of the new decade, as we will see in *Dressed to Thrill*, Chapter 3 of *Monarchs in Love*."

■ ■ ■

"May I kiss the hand of my future Queen?" asked Nicholas Hardy, 18, proffering one golden daffodil from the far side of a police barricade.

Lady Diana, who had landed at Dean Close School only moments before in a helicopter piloted by her betrothed, took the flower, considered the proposition and smiled prettily. She seems, after all, to know no other way. "Yes, you may," she said, extending her hand. Nicholas kissed, schoolboys laughed, and the Queen-to-be giggled. "You will never live this down."

Off on his Austral wanderings, Charles bids Diana farewell

"In love?" She: "Of course." He: "Whatever 'in love' means."

Meantime, in an unaccustomed position just outside the direct center of attention, the Prince of Wales looked on, watching his intended turn the crowd to putty. Hers was an adept, admirable performance on an occasion of mundane princely politesse. Charles had come down to Cheltenham to meet the local constabulary, who keep an eye on the country house, Highgrove, where he and Lady Diana will spend what time they can manage away from the royal routine. "I couldn't have married anyone the British people wouldn't have liked," he said last month. That statement will now want a little contemporary emendation: he couldn't have married anyone the British people would have liked more.

"Come on," he said to her as the visit drew to a close. "We're going to talk to the police dogs now." Canine conversation may be one of the few social skills the new Princess of Wales will not have to master, but if her performance at Cheltenham is fair indication, she will be a fast study for all the royal requisites. Right now, with Charles in the midst of a tour to New Zealand, Australia and the U.S., Diana is closeted in Clarence House, the residence of the Queen Mother, getting a cram course in monarchical *ps* and *qs*. The presence of Diana's grandmother, Lady Fermoy, lady-in-waiting to the Queen Mum, will bring a reassuring familiarity, just as the Queen Mother herself will set a perfect example. Now 80, the Queen Mother also came to the royal family from titled aristocracy. "Diana will learn simply by being around her," says a longtime friend of the Queen Mum's.

Diana's mother, Mrs. Frances Shand Kydd, is also pitching in with assorted wardrobe advice, and an old friend and onetime assistant private secretary of Charles', Oliver Everett, has been brought back from a diplomatic-service posting in Madrid to help order and arrange Lady Diana's new life. Although she is consulted, all plans for the royal wedding are under the aegis of Lord Maclean, the Lord Chamberlain who is head of the Queen's household and master of pomp and ceremony. Under him, Lieut. Colonel John Johnston and his full-time comptroller's staff of 13 are planning carriage processions and orchestrating protocol with the sort of zealous concentration and elaborate tactical deployment usually reserved for NATO war games.

Even if Lady Diana seems deprived of her nuptial prerogatives, there is more than enough to keep her busy. Learning to accommodate herself—indeed give herself over entirely—to the royal agenda is a daunting prospect. "It terrified me," says Charles of his first forays in public. As the first Princess of Wales since 1910 —and only the ninth since Joan, "the fair maid of Kent," hitched up with Edward the Black Prince in 1361—Diana is automatically down on the books for about 170 official engagements a year. Royal Ascot. Trooping the Color. Opening of Parliament. Badminton Horse Trials. Chelsea Flower Show. Wimbledon. Garden parties. Cowes Regatta. Even Opening of Grouse Season. And never mind all those factory visits and ribbon cuttings, ceremonials and inaugurals.

On lengthier excursions, such as voyages of good will to foreign shores, she will tote as many as 50 pieces of luggage, each packed with outfits appropriate for

Lady Diana, before the engagement . . .

. . . and after, meeting Princess Grace

every occasion (even something in black, in case she is called home by a royal death) and complete with careful schedules for repeat wearings. She will be mistress of one London residence and two houses —Highgrove, a 347-acre estate in the Cotswolds, and a bungalow in the Scilly Isles. The Princess will not want for pocket money: her Prince, whose total fortune has been estimated at $450 million, has an annual income of about $1.25 million, half of which he voluntarily turns over to the government (as a royal, he is exempt from income tax, which would be more than 60% in his bracket).

Last year it took upwards of $46 million to keep the royal operation afloat, and even in a time of serious unemployment (10.3% of the work force are jobless), there are surprisingly few complaints that the country is not getting its money's worth. Almost 90% of polled Britons want to retain the monarchy, and recently, when Labor's William Hamilton made a solitary exit from Parliament after another of his frequent excoriations of the extravagant royals, Conservative M.P. Geoffrey Finsberg scoffed, "Those who share Mr. Hamilton's view will doubtless have left the chamber with him." What Hamilton wants is a wedding —or, in his phrase, "jamboree"—financed by the families of the bride and groom, "both exceedingly wealthy." In a rational debate, Hamilton might be hard to argue down. But this is a question of spirit, not logic. There is nothing at all rational about a royal wedding, which is part of its charm. It may also be—reluctant though anyone would be to admit it—part of its point.

The National Theater of Britain is not located, as the tourist maps would indicate, on the south bank of the Thames. The real national theater rests in the giddily solemn panoply of a state occasion. Old glories. Ancient splendors. Honored rituals. Nobody does it better. Or, for that matter, more shamelessly, which is how it is done best.

Center stage right now in history's longest running show is Lady Diana, who entered as an ingénue and was already a star before she got to the footlights. She not only stood up well to the glare, she turned it to good advantage. Hounded by an anxious press, she usually managed to hold her temper and fix her smile. "I love working with children, and I have learned to be very patient with them," she told Charles with a level coolness that seemed to be much older than 19. "I simply treat the press as though they were children."

The boys from Fleet Street responded in kind. They found the phone number of the $150,000 South Kensington flat her mother and father had bought for her and which she was sharing with three other young women. Reporters staked the place out and would call up till midnight and as early as six in the morning, badgering Diana for details of the romance. All this moved Mrs. Shand Kydd to write a letter of protest to the *Times*, and moved her daughter, finally, to tears. After a hectic pursuit from South Kensington to Mayfair, Diana sat and wept on a bench in Berkeley Square, comforted by a friend, while the repentant press slipped a note onto the seat of her red mini Metro: "We didn't mean this to happen. Our full apologies." "The press made Diana's life difficult," said her father, the eighth Earl Spencer, "but she behaved very well. It has proved to be a test, though it wasn't meant to be, and she came through with flying colors. I couldn't have done it myself at 19. I would have collapsed."

She behaved, in short, like a star. Her usual soft, smiling evasiveness around the press earned her the temporary nickname "Shy Di." "My name is Diana," she would say whenever anyone addressed her by the diminutive, a cameo of grace under unexpected pressure that could not have failed to impress the Prince. What the pursuing press interpreted as reticence was more probably caution, even determination. "She's reserved rather than shy," reports a former schoolmate. "She's got her own ideas, and she isn't easily swayed by what people say. She's got a lot of go in

Rushing for Royal Profits

For collectors of royalabilia, and those who manufacture it, the July 29 wedding is already proving a bonanza. With ingenuity that belies current economic trends, British manufacturers have made it possible to dine on royal wedding place mats, sew with commemorative thimbles and dry royal couple plates with royal couple tea towels, a steal at $3.30. Smokers can light up with Charles and Diana lighters and extinguish butts in C & D ashtrays. Tea drinkers can sip from a C & D mug, pour cream from a C & D jug, add sugar with a keepsake teaspoon. Di fans can purchase a copy of her famous décolleté dress for $150—one-tenth the price of the original —and store it on a Lady Di hanger. For fun, there is a crossword puzzle with answers that form a princely head. For salvation, there is a Bible, bound in silver imitation leather, and featuring, yes, those innocent, royal faces.

A commemorative hang-up

Those faces—stamped, printed and painted on nearly everything—are not, alas, always recognizable. The *Guardian* sneered that a foreign visitor might suppose "that we were preparing to celebrate the wedding of Miss Bo Derek to the late Count Dracula." Nor do all the portraits meet the palace directive that they be reproduced only on substances of a permanent nature. Wedgwood's basalt bust of Charles fits the bill at $1,700. So does a $1,200 cannon adorned with H.R.H.'s coat of arms. But Charles and Di T shirts are taboo, to the consternation of British manufacturers and the 71 Members of Parliament who have protested that foreigners, unaffected by the ban, are sewing up the market.

Keepsake tableware

Profits from the souvenir trade are expected to top $438 million by July. Insurance companies are also doing a brisk business, agreeing to underwrite more than $33 million in policies covering losses that would result from a change in wedding plans. When the estimated 600,000 to 1 million extra visitors arrive for the event, London's hotels, restaurants and tour organizers will have their day. A group called Corporate Capers has already sold 700 places next to windows in the office buildings along the wedding procession route. For $335, a rubbernecker gets use of binoculars, a TV set for watching the ceremony and a hamper laden with lobster, steak, wedding cake and champagne. Cornishman Simon Adkins has found a more personal way to mark the royal union. Tattooed on his back, in everlasting tribute, are the faces of Charles and Diana framed in a heart, with room left over for their children. Says Adkins: "I can carry my devotion to the royal family with me for the rest of my life."

A taboo T shirt

her." Diana did develop a kind of protective stoop. Says an old friend: "She never used to put her head down. She was literally ducking the press."

Once the game was up and the engagement was announced on Feb. 24 and the 18-carat sapphire in its 14-diamond garland materialized on her finger, Lady Diana straightened up and really stepped out. According to a source close to the palace, she consulted with "someone" in the royal family, then appeared with the Prince in a $1,000 black silk taffeta strapless evening gown. The total effect was stunningly theatrical. A BBC announcer reported "audible gasps," and as they died so did the notion of Shy Di. R.I.P.

"Lady Diana was saying, 'Here I am beside my fiancé, able to hold my head high,' " noted a friend. Holding her head high was admirable, holding the dress up perhaps even more so. Something else was going on here, though. There was a kind of gleeful collaboration by the Prince's charmer in the making of her own image. This business had been left up to the news media too long, and they had got it wrong besides. Lady Diana took control of the process of popular myth in a way that would have made some of the old hands at MGM proud. They would have approved the tall, cantilevered figure, added little makeup to the petal-soft skin. But what would really have warmed those Hollywood pros was the instant revelation, as the strobes popped, of star quality. This is something that cannot be instilled, only enhanced. Movie stars were sometimes said to have a royal bearing. Lady Diana Spencer brings star quality back to Buckingham Palace.

MGM would have made only one change: they would have supplied a piquant biography. Color, however, is not wanted in a royal bride. Indeed, several earlier candidates for the Prince's chosen were dropped from competition because they had been rather too brightly painted in shades of scarlet. One, Fiona Watson, was discovered to have posed deshabille for *Penthouse*. Another, Davina Sheffield, was scratched after a former swain mouthed off about their life together. Perhaps a double standard should be etched into the royal coat of arms. "I wonder how the British people would react if they knew the extent of Charles' 'social' life," mused a man connected with court circles. "It is very extensive."

His bride, however, had to be unblemished. "First on the list was virginity," insisted H.B. Brooks-Baker of Debrett's, the chronicler of British bloodlines, who once drew up a few requirements that aspiring Princesses of Wales should meet. "Second was the ability to do the job. Very few people understand how many really dreary things royalty must do. Third, she must be seen to have the potential to bear heirs to the throne [meaning that she should look young and robust]." Presumably Lady Diana has met and passed these obstacles.

Diana, at eleven, cuddles a favorite pet

Presumably, too, the quiet if not quite unremarkable quality of her early life, the absence of anything but a merely chronological past, brings her even closer to the royal ideal. She is only what she will become. Born to wealth and privilege, Diana Spencer, like the man she will marry, seems to have grown up at some operational distance from life. Not sheltered, exactly. Stashed away, secreted, in the protected closeness of a class and a culture. It is as if she spent every day of her nearly 20 years snug within the emphatic stillness of an English Sunday afternoon.

She was born at Park House, part of the 20,000-acre royal estate at Sandringham, in Norfolk, which the Spencer family rented from the Crown. The Spencers had run with royalty for hundreds of years, and the Earl has been equerry to both George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Diana and Charles may have met a few times when she was a child and he already a young man, but everyone is fuzzy on the details. The Spencers had the only heated pool in the vicinity, and, by the one theory of suburban living that seems to cross barriers of class and station, the old swimming hole attracted the neighbors. When the neighboring residence is Sandringham House, however, and the kids who drop by are from the Windsor family, it is not only a quick dunk that is being shared. It is a sense of community, of assumptions of privilege, of life lived at one remove.

Earl and Countess Spencer near family digs

How-do-you-do for a pound.

Diana attended West Heath, a boarding school in Kent, where she excelled in sports and recorded a middling result on standard exams known as O Levels. At 16, she spent twelve weeks at a Swiss finishing school, primarily to learn to ski but also to brush up on French, cooking, sewing and typing. Nothing much here for a résumé, but perfectly fine, thanks, for the sort of genteel, pass-the-time employment that came Diana's way: governess, cook, nanny, kindergarten teacher.

The Prince's education was a little more rigorous. He was the first heir to the throne ever to go to school outside the palace. At the urging of his father, he was sent, like other boys of his social class, to boarding schools, first Cheam in Berkshire, then Gordonstoun in Scotland. Gordonstoun was a fairly tough place—cold showers in the morning, long runs in the often inclement weather before class—and Charles, despite a deficiency in mathematics shared with his future bride, did well. He went on to earn a degree in archaeology and anthropology at Trinity College, Cambridge, becoming the first university graduate in the royal family, and served as an officer in both the Royal Air Force and Royal Navy. But if his schooling and military training brought him outside the palace walls, they did not bring him outside his class, any more than Diana's upbringing did.

In their private lives, the aristocratic cocoon was not entirely protective. After her parents' messy divorce when she was eight, Diana, her brother and two sisters shuttled back and forth between separate households. Charles was not caught up directly in such marital maelstroms, but he saw at close range how the marriage of his aunt Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon cracked, then tottered and finally fell into little gaudy bits.

Being Prince of Wales was not without its sobering precedents either. Queen Victoria's son "Bertie," eventually Edward VII, had to wait nearly 60 years before he became King in 1901, and so dissipated himself passing the time that he was ill-prepared for the task. (Charles may have to wait almost as long, but rejects any suggestion that Queen Elizabeth cut short her reign, feeling that abdication undermines the mystique of the

Audi 4000 4E $9,210.00 suggested retail price, P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes and dealer delivery charges additional. Photograph—Ramsau, Bavaria.

Audi

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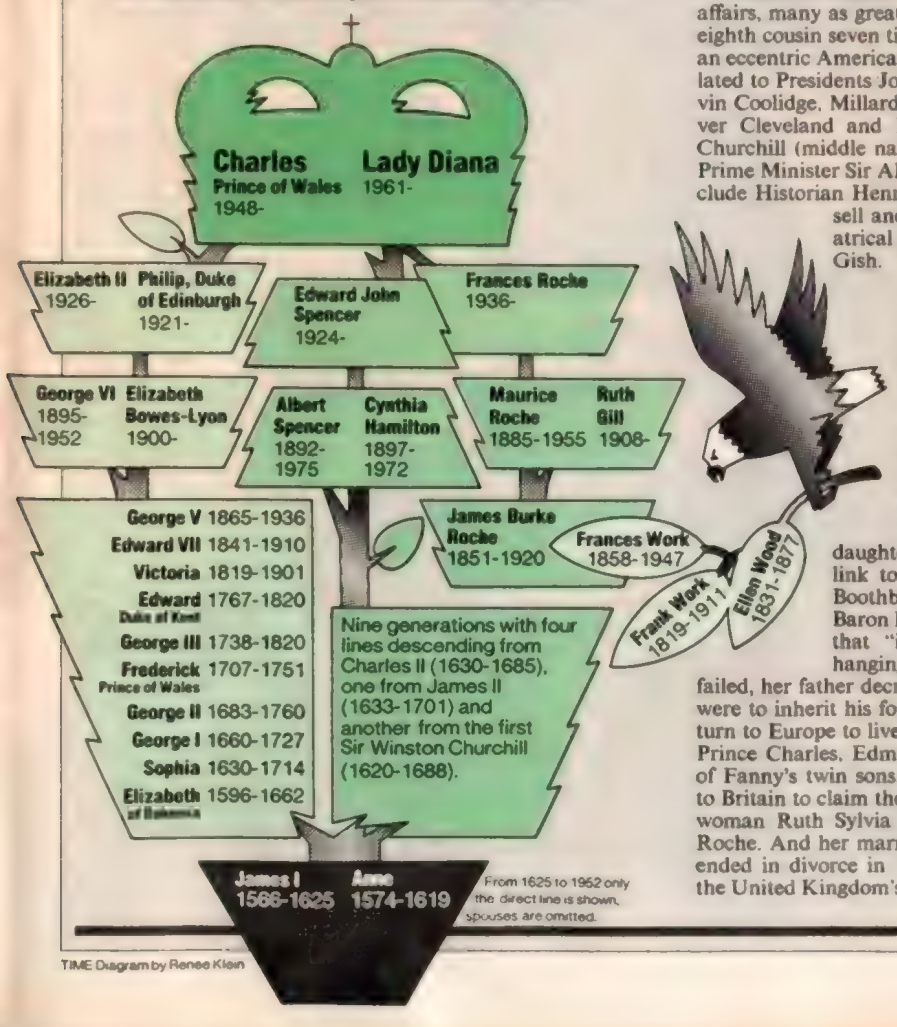
monarchy.) More sobering still was Charles' immediate predecessor, known after his 1936 abdication as the Duke of Windsor. His pitiful progress from resort to spa was followed by millions. All those awful photographs of the Duchess and the Duke, his skin scalded by flashbulbs, black ashtrays crowding the table like visas from a purgatorial kingdom of nightclubs: El Morocco, the Stork, the Lido. Those craterous eyes, staring off sidelong past the camera into the unforgiving background of history, which would soon reveal him as a dupe of fascism, an anti-Semite and a racist.

Charles, however, had quite another destiny to follow, and stronger men, like his father, to guide him. He was being readied for a kingship that "more and more depends on personal example," remarked the late Earl Mountbatten, who is considered to have had as strong an influence on Charles' life as any teacher—or even any parent. The politics of the future King of England are not a matter for the public record, although Mountbatten pointed out that "Charles is completely devoid of color prejudice. He just can't understand what the prejudices can be about. In this respect, the Queen, Philip and Charles are the complete antithesis of the Duke of Windsor."

Nevertheless, up against a few of the street realities that the rest of us contend with every day, the Prince often sounds like a football coach (as when he makes one of his frequent appearances on behalf of British trade), or like a referee who is not used to getting his shirt dirty. "See if you can sort things out," he told a group of wrangling police and black demonstrators. "You cannot go around like this."

All in the Family

She has more English royal blood in her veins than does Prince Charles, her 16th cousin once removed. All of it flowing from illegitimate unions. Four of her ancestors were mistresses to English Kings. Three dallied with Charles II (1630-85), a compulsive philanderer whose amorous activities produced more than a quarter of the 26 dukedoms in Great Britain and Ireland. The fourth royal paramour, Arabella, daughter of the first Sir Winston Churchill, was a favorite of James II (1633-1701) and bore him a daughter. In short, while Diana's blood may run blue, even purple, scarlet women and black sheep have added to its color.



TIME Diagram by Renee Klein

In the 18th century extramarital frolicking with the royals remained a family tradition. Of note were two daughters of the first Earl Spencer. Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire but better known as the Duchess of Dimples, achieved unwedded bliss with a Prince of Wales, the eventual George IV. Her comely sister Henrietta boasted in her diary: "In my 51st year I am courted, follow'd, flatter'd and made love to, *en toutes les formes*, by four men." Not all the Spencers were so sportive. George, brother of the third Earl Spencer, converted to Roman Catholicism and, as Father Ignatius of the Passionist Order, had a reputation as a saint. The order is now preparing a proposal to consider him for beatification, a step in Catholic canonization.

Others of Diana's kinsmen made their mark in worldly affairs, many as great statesmen. George Washington is an eighth cousin seven times removed, and through the wife of an eccentric American great-great-grandfather, Diana is related to Presidents John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Calvin Coolidge, Millard Fillmore, Rutherford B. Hayes, Grover Cleveland and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Sir Winston Churchill (middle name: Spencer) is a cousin, as is former Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Scholarly limbs include Historian Henry Adams, Philosopher Bertrand Russell and Lexicographer Noah Webster. Theatrical boughs: Humphrey Bogart and Lillian Gish.

Diana traces American ancestry through Great-Great-Grandfather Frank Work, a dry goods clerk from Chillicothe, Ohio, who became a millionaire in Manhattan as stockbroker with the Vanderbilts. It was his wife Ellen Wood and her mother who, according to Boston Genealogist Gary Boyd Roberts, "provide all the interesting relatives": U.S. Presidents, scholars and two Revolutionary War patriots. But Frank Work's spirited daughter Fanny (for Frances) provided the link to European nobility, marrying James Boothby Burke Roche, the cash-short third Baron Fermoy, despite her father's conviction that "international marriage should be a hanging offense." When Fanny's marriage failed, her father decreed that if she and her three children were to inherit his fortune, they must promise never to return to Europe to live or marry Europeans. Fortunately for Prince Charles, Edmund Maurice Burke Roche, the elder of Fanny's twin sons, defied his grandfather and returned to Britain to claim the Fermoy title. His marriage, to Scotswoman Ruth Sylvia Gill, produced Frances Ruth Burke Roche. And her marriage to Edward John Spencer, which ended in divorce in 1969, produced Lady Diana Spencer, the United Kingdom's one-eighth American future queen.

Such statements may lack any hard political sense, but they do not want for a certain lofty finesse. Charles has it in spades. His courtship of Lady Diana was a model of decorum and broken field running. The pair had been seeing each other "on and off," according to a source close to the palace, ever since they were reintroduced in 1977. They met at a pheasant shoot on the grounds of Althrop, the Spencer's overwhelming (15,000 acres) and overweening home that also doubles, when there are no visiting royals about, as a thriving tourist attraction. (For £1 sterling, a visitor gets a tour and a how-do-you-do from the Earl and his second wife Raine.) The press did not get onto the romance until an item appeared in mid-August in the *News of the World*. By the end of September, the *Daily Mail's* hard-burrowing gossip writer, Nigel Dempster, had devoted his entire column to Lady Diana ("I'm told she's ideal"), and a photograph of her weekending at Balmoral was given prominent space.

The Prince meets the Di clones, and the verdict is unfavorable

Exerting a wonderfully powerful pull on the romantic imagination.

As the Prince made his play, and the press closed in around Lady Diana's flat and the kindergarten in Pimlico where she spent three days a week tending well-to-do tots, there was a dizzying sense of suspense. Now that matters are settled, tension has given way to speculation about the emotional temperature of the engagement, as if Charles and Diana conducted themselves like Adam Fenwick-Symes and Nina Blount in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies:* "Darling, I am glad about our getting married." "So am I. But don't let's get intense about it."

Intensity, like color, is not highly prized in a monarchical marriage. "This falling in love at first sight," said Mountbatten, "is not the way that royal marriages are made." But watching Lady Diana in tears at the airport as her fiancé headed off on his Austral wanderings, one wonders if she might not modify that standard as well. As for Charles, he speaks publicly about his philosophical uncertainties. ("In love?" asked an interviewer. "Of course," said she. "Whatever 'in love' means," said he.) But it is heartening to learn that he has placed frequent phone calls from Down Under to the girl he left behind.

As bulletins on the romance are issued like hourly weather forecasts, preparations for the royal wedding on July 29 proceed amid a storm of activity. Elizabeth and David Emanuel, who ran up Lady Diana's black taffeta number, are working on the bridal dress in penumbral secrecy at their Mayfair salon. Reveals Elizabeth: "We keep the shades drawn, because I've heard that people with telescopes can peer through windows." On the home front, Barbara Cartland, mother of Diana's stepmother and author of 305 widely consumed but ultimately unbearable novels, will be receiving tour groups—"twelve women, I believe. Those rich American widows" —and doing a little entertaining. "I shall give them tea, chocolate cake and meringues," she announced. "You know Americans have never seen meringues." The tours, in fact, were arranged long before the royal engagement, and the palace has not tried to stop them.

Although Lady Diana is not much seen just now, what with all the royal tutorials and wedding preparations, she is already being widely imitated. Her haircut is copied. Her outfits are being knocked off. Her husband-to-be met a vanguard of Di clones in New Zealand on his trip, and commented, "Not as good as the real thing."

The real thing will find herself soon enough in an odd position with real life, a little exalted and, at the same time, perpetually risking compromise. Cautionary romances, like William Wyler's 1953 film *Roman Holiday*, have alerted us to the restrictive, hermetic and sometimes suffocating side of royal life. A princess is required to be both an ornament and an exemplar, a rarefied high-wire act that calls for a lot more skill than a good sense of balance. Everyone waits for a false step, and there are even some who will shake the wire. Diana's older sister, Lady Sarah, was an earlier entrant in the nuptial derby, but was scratched when she remarked one evening, "I really enjoy being with [Charles . . . but] I'm not in love with him. I wouldn't marry anyone I didn't love, whether he were the dustman or the King of England." One of her companions that night turned out to be a reporter, and the story hit Fleet Street the next day.

No hard feelings but a sobering lesson. "You are always a bit on your guard," remarked Charles' sister, Princess Anne. "You know that *because* you're royal, anything you say might be given extra significance . . . There are very few people I know whom I would speak to with any degree of freedom." Freedom does not come with the royal territory, and if Princess Anne is not so well loved as her brother, it may be because she seems aware of this situation, not only more acutely but perhaps more poignantly too.

A princess's perks remain mightily seductive, however, to a popular imagination fueled on storybooks full of wise kings and gentle queens and tall palaces. One knows Lady Diana read some of those same fairy tales, as certainly as one knows that, when they look to be coming true on July 29, she will continue to shine and star. Always, of course, within the bounds of what is seemly; the consort's luster must not dim the King. Eventually, as Queen, Lady Diana will wear a crown with the 109-carat Koh-i-noor diamond as its centerpiece. This royal geegaw has been out of circulation for years. Watching Lady Diana, whether accepting a flower from a schoolboy or negotiating a receiving line, one wonders for a moment if such a crown might not be . . . well, yes, superfluous. Good enough, really, just to see her smile.

■ ■ ■

Interrupted again. Book closed, legs crossed, smile adjusted, voice not testy, precisely, but a little weary.

"It was also said at the time of the engagement that Lady Diana Spencer was that very special kind of woman who made men unafraid to be giddy. Certainly she had that effect on her countrymen. We shall also start to see what effect she had on her husband, and what effect their wedding had on the nation.

"That will be next time. Chapter 4 of *Monarchs in Love*, 'A Doll's Spouse.' Alistair Booke for *Masterpiece Theater*. Good night."

—By Jay Cocks.

Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof and Bonnie Angelo/London

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The Boys of Spring

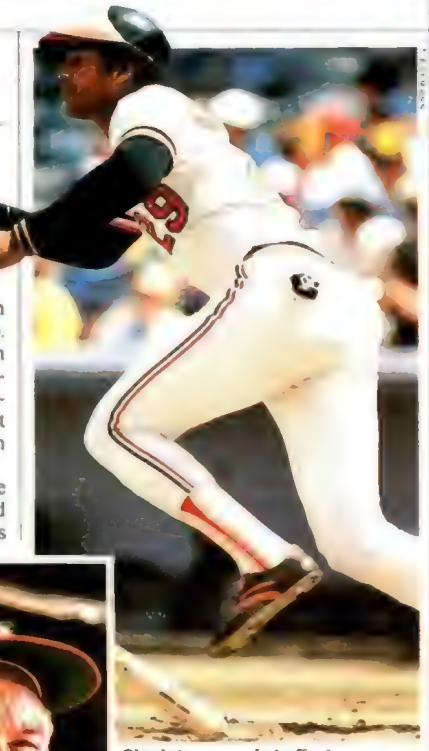
Baseball's bridesmaids open the season with pennant dreams

The call to "Play ball!," the surest and happiest sign of spring, has sounded once again. The crack of the bat has replaced the clack of the auctioneer's gavel selling off free-agent flesh. Players safe in their tax shelters now worry only about being safe at first, and owners prick their ears for the sweetest music they know, the clatter of turnstiles. The baseball season has begun.

President Reagan had planned to throw out the first ball in Cincinnati last week, the first Chief Executive to do so since President Ford in 1976, but since he was still in the hospital, the opening day ritual was skipped altogether. Explained the Reds' p.a. announcer: "There can really be no appropriate relief pitcher for the President of the United States."

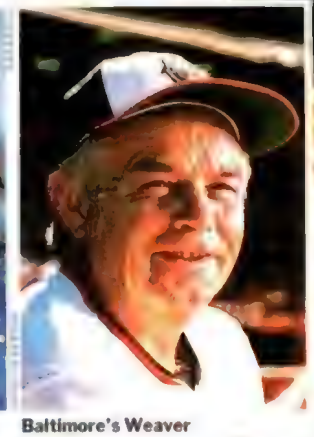
How long the season will last is problematical. With a Memorial Day weekend strike deadline drawing near, the owners and players are still locked in a nasty dispute over free-agent compensation. The issue, deferred in an eleventh-hour compromise that prevented a strike last season, seems no closer to settlement than it was a year ago. Under the old agreement, a veteran can play out his option and sell his services on the open market; in compensation for loss of his services, his former team was awarded an amateur draft choice from his new club. The owners want to be able to pick a man from the raiding team's major league roster. In the players' view, such an arrangement would stifle the free-agent market that has made millionaires of home-run hitters and fastball pitchers.

Such concerns were far from the minds of fans last week, for spring and baseball mean but one thing: hope. Hopes were highest, the dreams most poignant in the cities that finished second in 1980. There, stirring pennant races had ended in disappointment and the inevitable promise to wait 'til next year. A look at the bridesmaid teams and their prospects:



Singleton speeds to first

Montreal's Williams



Baltimore's Weaver

Cromartie swings away

Montreal Expos, National League East. In 1979, Montreal finished two games behind the Pittsburgh Pirates, eventual World Series winners over the Baltimore Orioles; last year they lost the title to the World Champion Phillies on the next-to-last day of the season. Over that two-year span, the Expos won more games than any other team in the National League. Now, on the third try, Montreal is ready to challenge again, this time with that most coveted baseball contradiction: a team of young veterans. Only Ace Pitcher Steve Rogers remains from the 1973 roster, and most of the team (average age 27) has undergone its trial by fire in the big leagues, not down on the farm. Says First Baseman Warren Cromartie, the blithe spirit who plays team cheerleader: "Logic tells us that this is supposed to be our year. We've been maturing, just like a wine."

No one can dispute the quality of the grapes. The lineup contains 1977 Rookie-of-the-Year Centerfielder Andre Dawson, 26, two Rookie Pitchers-of-the-Year (Rogers, 31, and Bill Gullickson, 22) and another star in the making, Leftfielder Tim Raines, 21. The team, painstakingly assembled through the farm system and presided over by Manager Dick Williams, a gruff but gifted fundamentalist, has produced a new top-flight player each year since the mid-'70s. Now there are enough in the lineup to perhaps tip the balance in a highly competitive division

Los Angeles Dodgers, National League West. Tied with the Houston Astros at the end of the 162-game regular season, Los Angeles lost the title in a one-game playoff, then went home to lick its wounds —literally. "Our clubhouse looked like a hospital ward at the end of the season," recalls First Baseman Steve Garvey. "On that final day against Houston, there were only two players in the lineup who had started on opening day."

All-Star Rightfielder Reggie Smith is recovering slowly from shoulder surgery, but the rest of the Dodgers M*A*S*H unit mended over the winter. The core of the team remains from the pennant-winning clubs of 1977 and 1978, and despite a splendid performance by reserve players in 1980, Los Angeles needs its regulars to win in the West.

The lineup has one big gap: Pitcher Don Sutton, the alltime Dodger leader in victories (230, against 175 losses), joined Houston as a free agent during the off-season. Says Garvey: "You hope that the whole staff can combine to take up the slack. And we have some good young pitchers coming along."

Indeed, the Dodgers may have the best young pitcher in baseball in Fernando Valenzuela, 20. He had already mastered the arcane art of throwing a screwball when the Dodgers called him up from the Mexican League to prop up a bullpen crumbling under injuries. Valenzuela pitched ten times, often with the game on the line, and did not give up a single earned run in 17.2 innings. Now a starter, he shut out the Astros on opening day last week, allowing them only five hits.

Baltimore Orioles, American League East. During the 1980 season, only two teams in all of baseball won 100 or more games. Unfortunately, both were in the same division. The New York Yankees won the AL East with 103 victories; with 100 wins, the second-best record in the majors, the Baltimore Orioles were merely also-rans.

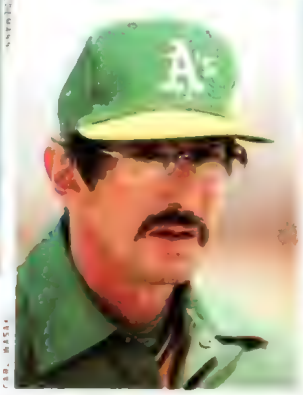
While the Yankees dominated the off-season with their ballyhooed signing of free-agent Outfielder Dave Winfield, the Orioles were quietly acquiring less expensive but perhaps equally valuable utility players. Manager Earl Weaver, the man of a million statistics and even more stratagems, gleefully analyzed his new acquisitions: "First we got Jim Dwyer, who can both pinch hit and shore up our late-inning outfield defense. He can play first base too, so that gives us options in the infield as well. Then there's José Morales, who batted .303 as a designated hitter with Minnesota last year. He can DH and pinch hit, and he's a catcher to boot, which gives us the luxury of carrying three catchers. Now, if everybody else stays healthy, we've got our three extra games. It's simple."

Considering Baltimore's pitching staff, Weaver's math may be accurate. Last year Steve Stone captured the Cy Young Award with 25 wins and just seven losses, the best record in the big leagues. In the past eight seasons, Baltimore pitchers have won the award five times: Mike Flanagan in 1979, Jim Palmer three other years.

The Orioles have big bats as well. Rightfielder Ken Singleton led both leagues in game-winning RBIs last season, while pounding 24 home runs and hitting .304. First Baseman Eddie Murray, who hit .300, has emerged as one of baseball's best switch-hitters, with 111 home runs in merely four seasons. The only question mark is Third Baseman Doug DeCinces, who is recovering from a back injury. Says Weaver: "If Doug can hit his usual 15 to 20 home runs, then you can add another three games. Let's see . . . that gives us 106, doesn't it?"

Norris winds up

L.A.'s Lasorda


Oakland's Martin

Garvey whips the bat

Oakland Athletics, American League West. They call it Billyball in Oakland, after the prodigal son come home, Manager Billy Martin. Billyball requires brains, guts and hustle: using the hit and run, stealing home, putting on the double steal and breaking up the double play. It is the kind of baseball that can turn players of modest talent into winners.

Ask Billy Martin. A journeyman infielder who grew up tough on the streets of Oakland, he parlayed his limited skills and limitless daring into a solid major league career. Ask the Oakland A's. They finished in last place in 1979, 34 games behind California in the AL West. Playing Billyball, they finished second last year, though 14 games behind the league champion Kansas City Royals. Says Pitching Ace Mike Norris, who won Oakland's 1981 opener with a six-hitter: "Billy gave us the confidence that in past years we didn't have."

There is a new owner around to take care of the players as well. Walter J. Haas from Levi Strauss & Co. bought the club for $12.7 million from the mercurial Charles O. Finley last summer. Already he has infused money into the moribund farm system, hired scouts and set about rebuilding the flimsy organization left behind by Finley. Martin is thriving in his role as paterfamilias to his young players: "These kids can be molded. It's a lot easier than taking a person set in his ways. I've had both, and I've won with both. But these kids want to listen."

The A's outfield, with Leftfielder Rickey Henderson (a .303 hitter in 1980), Centerfielder Dwayne Murphy and Rightfielder Tony Armas, is considered the finest young group in the game. Oakland's youthful pitchers led the majors in complete games last year, and Norris (22 wins and nine losses) was runner-up in the Cy Young balloting. If the inventor of Billyball seems outwardly mellow, he has lost none of his fiery will to win. Says Martin: "Everybody tells you, 'Be a good loser.' If that's the case, why do they keep score?" —*By B.J. Phillips*

"Man, What a Feeling! What a View!"

A spectacular launch hurls America's shuttle, Columbia, *into orbit*

The morning sun glinted off the towering white trident-shaped stack. Out of the top of the great main fuel tank seeped puffs of steamy vapors, supercold droplets of liquid oxygen. Suddenly, just after dawn on Sunday, the ship's three main engines roared to life. Throttling quickly to 90% of their full 1.1 million lbs. of thrust, the engines caused the spacecraft and fuel tanks to tilt ever so slightly. Seconds later, they snapped back to vertical, and two solid-fuel rockets —fiery space-age Roman candles never before used on a manned flight—ignited, adding their full fury, 5.3 million lbs. more of thrust.

Trailing a Promethean plume of fire and smoke, the entire 18-story-high, 4.5 million-lb. package thundered off the pad, shaking the earth for miles around, a seismic jolt greater even than the tremors from the mighty Saturn rockets that carried the Apollo astronauts to the moon. From the hundreds of thousands of spectators at the Kennedy Space Center came encouraging shouts: "Go, man, go!" "Smooth sailing, baby!" "Fly like an eagle!" "Oh my god, what a show!"

Into a clear blue hole in a partly overcast Florida sky the spacecraft rose, seemingly carried aloft by an ever lengthening orange-and-white column of fire and smoke. As it arched higher and higher, Astronaut Bob Crippen, 43, making his first flight into space, shouted exuberantly: "Man, what a feeling! What a view!" "Glad you're enjoying it," replied Mission Control in Houston.

So did a waiting, watching world. Two days late but this time almost precisely on its new schedule—indeed, only 3.983 sec. late, by Launch Control's incredibly accurate reckoning—the spaceship *Columbia* took off on man's first commuter run into the heavens. Two minutes after the flawless lift-off, the two solid-fuel boosters folded back from the 75-ton space shuttle and began to settle under parachutes about 160 miles downrange in the Atlantic Ocean, only 16 miles off target, for recovery by ship and later re-use Said Mission Control: "*Columbia* is now committed to space travel."

As the spacecraft accelerated, eventually to reach speeds of 17,000 m.p.h., the astronauts were pressed hard against their couches, experiencing a tug three times that of normal gravity, only half of a Saturn launch's *g* forces. Eight and a

Burying its launching pad in clouds of steam, smoke and flame (right), the craft breaks free of earth at last, then (left) climbs skyward, bound toward a new era in space

Photograph for TIME by Neil Leifer

With six seconds from lift-off showing on countdown clock, the shuttle clears the launch pad

Beyond watching crowd, *Columbia* is borne aloft by 6.4 million lbs. of thrust

As the spacecraft soars higher still, excited spectators try to keep track of it

half minutes after the spacecraft had left the launch pad, its engines had swallowed up more than half a million gallons of liquid hydrogen and oxygen. *Columbia* fired explosive charges to spin off its main tank, which disintegrated in a shower of fragments over the Indian Ocean, only ten miles off course, although at a higher altitude than expected. Then *Columbia* switched to its smaller, orbital maneuvering engines and fired a series of bursts that carried it into orbit.

It was the first time in six years that Americans had been in space, and it came 20 years to the day after Soviet Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin made the first manned space flight. But for *Columbia's* commander, John Young, 50, it was old hat. During the fiery, jolting lift-off, his pulse hardly climbed above 85 beats a minute; this was, after all, Young's fifth such journey, the most by any American astronaut. Allowed Young: "It shook a little sharper. The vibration was more than what we experienced in the simulator." But the rookie Crippen could barely contain his excitement—his pulse raced to 135—or find the right words to express his emotions. Looking out of *Columbia's* windows, he said jubilantly, "John's been telling me about it for three years, but ain't no way you can describe it. It's hard to get my head into the cockpit here to do my procedures."

As the delta-shaped spacecraft—part rocket ship, part airplane—raced around the earth at an altitude of 150 miles, its nearly perfect performance seemed a glorious vindication of more than a decade of effort and expense. *Columbia's* flight plan called for a 54½-hr., 36-orbit mission, ending with a nerve-racking, gliding descent into California's Mojave Desert. There was every expectation that it would achieve that goal. Three and a half hours into the flight, as the spacecraft began its third orbit, Mission Control sent word that *Columbia* was "go" for the full flight. His ship, reported Young, "is performing just outstanding."

Even before they got their green light, the astronauts were settling in for a long haul. With almost anticlimactic ease, Crippen operated the spacecraft's big cargo bay, opening and closing and then reopening its doors. That was an essential maneuver at the start of the second orbit, allowing the ship to rid itself of internal heat from all its operations, and it was executed flawlessly. Televised pictures from space quickly showed just how well the machinery worked. Even the big engine housings in *Columbia's* tail were dramatically visible against the blackness of space.

But these TV views also revealed a possible hitch: a handful of the spacecraft's 30,000 or so silica tiles, essential for insulating *Columbia* against the flaming, 2,400° F heat of re-entry into the atmosphere, had fallen off. Apparently they were shaken loose during maximum vibrations in the first few moments of the launch, possibly when the solid-fuel rock-

ets were kicked away. The tiles, about a dozen in all, came from the area just above the orbital maneuvering engines on either side of the rudder. Mission controllers quickly pointed out that this was a noncritical zone and would not interfere with the landing, though *Columbia*'s skin was likely to be scorched where the tiles had peeled off. But they were taking no chances. The rest of the ship would be carefully scrutinized from the ground with the eagle-eyed telescopes of the U.S. Air Force's new tracking network

By midday, after completing initial housekeeping duties, Young and Crippen, having doffed their bulky space suits, settled comfortably into their new home in the sky. On tap was their first meal in space, featuring "rehydratable" turkey *tetrazzini* and "thermostabilized" frankfurters. There was also a chance that the playful Crippen might take a nibble from a turkey sandwich he was said to have smuggled on board. "Their performance is just super," said Flight Director Neil Hutchinson. "I kept watching for something to go wrong, but it was pretty much picture book."

For untold millions of television watchers around the world—including President Reagan, who rose early for the launch on his first full day back at the White House after returning there from the hospital—it was an awesome show. It was all the sweeter because, for a while, it seemed that it might never take place. With the original takeoff slated for Friday morning last week, crowds had collected at Cape Canaveral before dawn, young and old, in cars and campers, in chartered buses and on motorcycles. Some had partied through the night at their roadside encampments in an outbreak of "launch fever" not seen since the days of the Apollo program, when Saturn rockets were carrying Americans to the moon. Others, stuck for hours in bumper-to-bumper traffic, grumbled at motorists who tried to edge ahead of them

But at least the traffic moved, even if only at a snail's pace. *Columbia*, designed to girdle the earth in 90 min., did not move at all that day. After 3 hr. 9 min. of tense waiting and conflicting reports, launch controllers passed the disappointing word. The world's first space shuttle would have to wait a while longer. Not until after dawn Sunday was there a chance that the star-crossed spacecraft, troubled throughout its development, would finally take off

The postponement was not caused by the space shuttle's complex engines, fuel tanks or heat tiles, but by the kind of maddening, mysterious glitch familiar to anyone who has been incorrectly billed or simply ignored by today's electronic bookkeepers. *Columbia* had been stalled by wayward computers

The failure was all the more frustrating because the 73-hr. countdown had been proceeding smoothly. Early in the week the launch crews quickly disposed

Smoke marks a space pilgrim's progress

of problems with a troublesome fuel valve and contaminants in lines leading to *Columbia's* electricity- and water-producing fuel cells. When Young and Crippen arrived from Houston in twin T-38 jet trainers, they had every reason to be cheerful. Said Crippen: "*Columbia* is in great shape."

Their optimism continued through the originally scheduled launch day. Rising at 2:05 a.m. Friday, they had a traditional hearty prelaunch breakfast of steak and eggs, underwent one last physical exam, suited up and were driven off to Pad 39A, where Young and other Apollo astronauts had begun their journeys to the moon. It was a sequence that they were to repeat in almost the same way two days later. But then they were joined at breakfast by a number of former astronauts, including Republican Senator Harrison Schmitt. After an elevator ride up the service tower, they climbed aboard their spacecraft and at 4:20 they were strapped into their couch-like cockpit seats. It was a nearly perfect day, with clear skies and only a breeze rippling the surface of the nearby Banana River. *Columbia*, perched like a giant moth on the great stack formed by its big silo-shaped fuel tank and companion solid-fuel rockets, seemed certain to get under way

But then the problems began. Crippen, chosen for the flight partly because of his computer skills, noticed from his cockpit video displays that *Columbia's* back-up computer had not come on line as required. Controllers figured that the difficulty could be easily overcome, and they allowed the countdown to continue. But by the time the clock reached T minus 9 min., when it had to stop for an automatic 10-min. "hold," complications were multiplying.

Then came a warning light indicating that one of *Columbia's* fuel cells was overworking, producing too much water. That was fixed simply enough by temporarily switching back to electricity from the launch pad. But, as controllers ran another test on the balky computer, the big glitch returned with a burst of phosphorescent green signals on the computer screens in front of Young and Crippen, still flat on their backs and strapped in the cockpit. The signals crackled through NASA's circuits almost simultaneously to nearby Launch Control and to Mission Control in Houston. "It made my console look like a Christmas tree," said one controller, observing the flashing warnings on the screen.

By that time, the launch had slipped by 40 min., and the delay was producing troubling side effects: because the earth had moved considerably in that interval, the extremely precise inertial guidance system, using gyroscopes and accelerometers, on which the ship depends for accurate navigation through space, would have to be reset. This took an-

From Houston, Johnson Space Center controllers following the flight; TV picture from orbit shows where *Columbia's* tiles came unstuck

other costly 51 min. Said one launch official to the men waiting patiently in *Columbia's* cockpit: "You have to excuse the delay, gentlemen. All the ducks weren't in a straight line."

Indeed they were not. More than any spacecraft before it, *Columbia* depends on computer memory and problem-solving skills. It carries six computers in all, four primary, plus a back-up and a spare. This electronic brainpower has total command of the ship, navigating it, controlling fuel consumption, firing its rocket engines and many small, jetlike thrusters. Even when an astronaut is operating the controls, as in the final plunge back through the atmosphere, he is in effect flying the computers rather than the ship itself. Whatever maneuver he calls for, it is the computers that turn the commands from the cockpit into specific instructions for the flight machinery. Says Young: "A human being could never remember how to point 38 thrusters—he just couldn't do it."

As part of *Columbia's* fail-safe system, all four primary computers are programmed—that is, mathematically instructed—to perform in exactly the same way. Such redundancy protects the spacecraft against computer breakdowns. Though any one of the computers can operate the ship on its own, mission rules require all the computers to be in perfect order on launch. Extra computers provide another kind of insurance. If one of the look-alike machines suddenly goes berserk, issuing wild commands, its three brethren will promptly veto those instructions. In other words, the majority outvotes the minority. If the four cannot resolve their differences in a civilized computer way, the back-up will intervene and settle the issue.

But for this digital democracy to work smoothly, the computers have to be in constant conversation, performing as many as 440 checks on each other every second. That, of course, requires extremely precise synchronization. Yet even after repeated troubleshooting, the controllers in Houston found that *Columbia's* primary computers were a 25th of a second ahead of the back-up. For human beings, a 25th of a second is a mere blink of the eye. But for the computers it was a yawning gap that put communications between the overeager main machines and their back-up badly "out of sync," turning their exchanges into electronic gibberish. Said an exasperated controller in Houston: "The back-up computer simply couldn't talk to the other four on board. The computer guys have never seen anything quite like this."

Hours slipped by. The mood in the control rooms changed sharply. Some computer experts, noting that *Columbia's* machines used hardware of early '70s vintage, feared that the computers simply might not be up to handling their complex task. Launch Director George Page became increasingly gloomy as Friday morning wore on. Finally, when it became clear that the computer timing problem could not be repaired quickly, the launch was canceled for the day, at an estimated cost of $6 million, and work crews rode up the service tower to help the astronauts out of the ship. Said a weary but unflappable Crippen: "It was just one of those things."

Crippen and Young about to go aboard

Not since 1966, when Gemini 9 was delayed by an electrical malfunction, had a launch been scrubbed with the astronauts already in the cockpit. And critics used the setback to raise again what has by now become a litany of complaints about the shuttle program: it is too expensive—nearly a third higher than the original estimate. It is military oriented. Above all, it drains money away from such scientifically important unmanned space projects as the joint European-American mission over the poles of the sun and the once-in-a-lifetime probe of Halley's comet. Democratic Senator William Proxmire, long a foe, noted, "I've never seen so much hype in my life. We're launching a truck into space, and everybody keeps saying it's the Second Coming."

But Gemini 9 flew off triumphantly two days after its launch was scrubbed —and so did *Columbia*. Toiling through the night, computer experts in Houston eliminated the hitch by going around it. On Saturday, the experts switched the computers on early, almost a day before the second launch attempt. This time the machines worked in full harmony, and controllers knew they had those electronic gremlins licked. And so, an hour after dawn on Sunday, the signal was given, the engines thundered and, as the grassy meadows and sandy beaches of Florida's coast trembled, *Columbia* was finally on its way. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Cape Canaveral and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Houston*

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CITY OF WOMEN
Directed by Federico Fellini
Screenplay by Federico Fellini and Bernardino Zapponi

Eighteen years ago, in *8½*, Federico Fellini confessed that he was a director who had nothing to say, and despite the arresting imagery with which he made his *mea culpa*, one was more than willing to concede the point. In the next seven films he demonstrated it with ever more empty extravagance. Now, confronting this gaudily misanthropic survey of how feminism has tipped the balance of power in the war between the sexes, one finds that one has moved beyond outrage and impatience to simple weariness.

Alas, Fellini's inexhaustible stock of socko images still wows the impressionable, and forces everyone else to pay heed as his boring yet insistent voice announces verbal and visual abstractions as profundities. He justifies the gaucheries and incoherence of *City of Women* by passing it off as a dream work—a cliché from the time movies were as short and silent as this one is long and loud.

The dreamer is a womanizer named Snaporaz (Marcello Mastroianni). Pursuing his latest prey (Bernice Stegers) into a feminist convention, the pursuer quickly becomes the pursued—by shrill women of every age and shape, from crones to teen-age punkers. All are projections of the basic, to Fellini anyway, male fear of the castrating female—though it must be said that he is weirdly fair-minded. Snaporaz finds refuge in a castle whose owner turns out to be a male chauvinist of the most repulsive sort. A gallery contains photos of his many conquests: when you flip on the light behind each picture, you get a tape recording of the women's erotic moans too.

This is a typical example of Fellini's delicacy of touch; the feminist storm troopers and the dream-within-the-dream (set, of course, in a carnival) are yet to come. In the end his Don Juan learns

Stegers and Mastroianni in *Women*
Teaching Don Juan a lesson.

what all Don Juans have learned: that they are searching for an ideal woman who does not, cannot exist; that they are thus doomed to a lovelessness that makes a mockery of their extraordinary exertions in the craft of love. There are easier ways to make so banal a point.

Perhaps Fellini has become a Don Juan among moviemakers, pursuing some ultimate statement, some mega-image that does not exist and cannot be conjured up by running garage sales of the junk stored in his unconscious. But so intent is the director on this onanistic quest that he has long since forgotten that truth in art arises from the patient accretion of telling detail, distilled observation, and, in maturity, a certain ironic composure. —*By Richard Schickel*

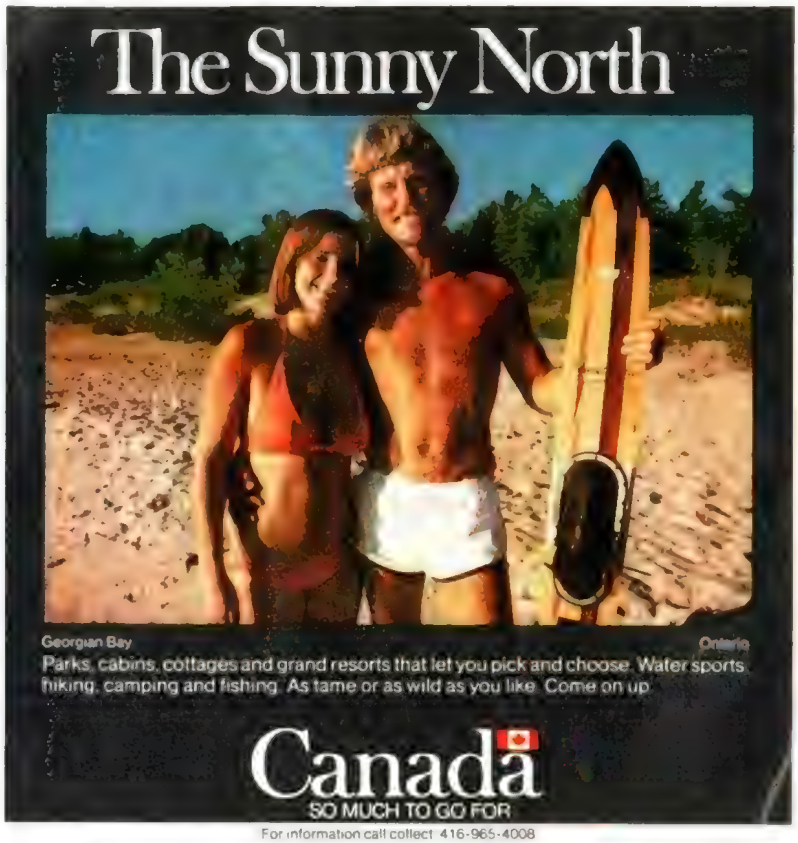
Saylesmanship

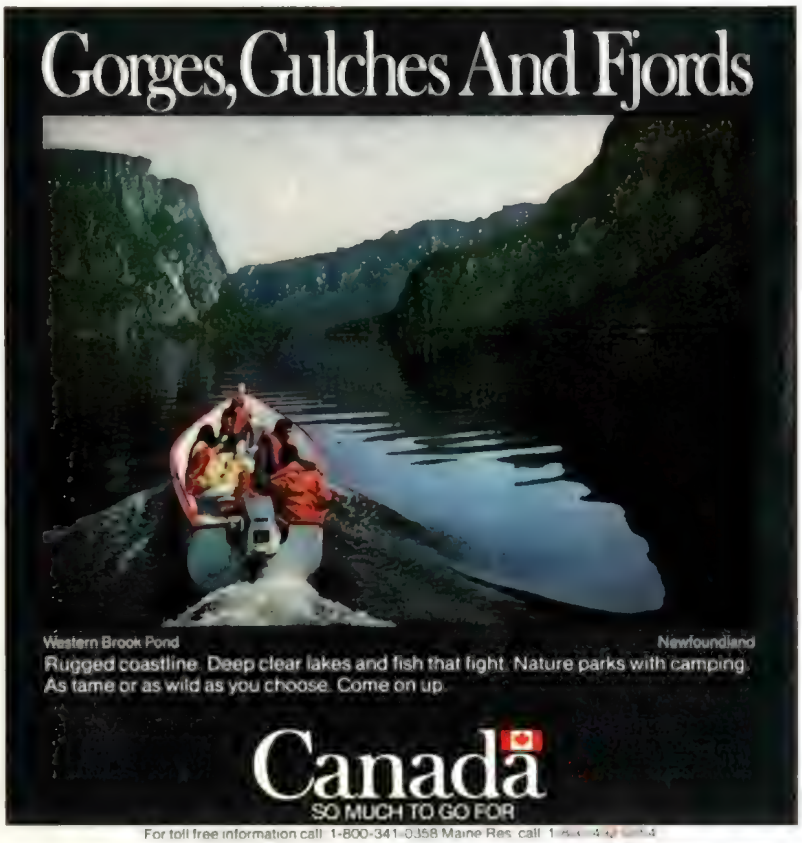
THE HOWLING
Directed by Joe Dante
Screenplay by John Sayles
and Terence H. Winkless

ALLIGATOR
Directed by Lewis Teague
Screenplay by John Sayles

Such is the cultural currency of Hollywood that anyone who can read his mail is called a man of letters, and the person who knows that *filet de sole* isn't a French disco group joins the intellectual elite. By these standards—and some higher—John Sayles is a Renaissance man. At 25, an O. Henry short-story award; at 28, a National Book Award nomination; at 29, critical praise and a measure of commercial success for *Return of the Secaucus Seven*, a $60,000 film he wrote, produced, directed, edited and acted in. Lately, on weekends when he has nothing else to do, he has been writing or rewriting, for the fun and the money, Hollywood exploitation films. Two of Sayles' thrillers —*The Howling* and *Alligator*—are now stalking the drive-ins and inner-city showcases. They offer a chance to see what this prodigy of narrative elegance and dialogue nuance does when he thinks nobody special is looking.

The Howling, a good-looking, modern-day werewolf picture, boasts not only the writer's pedigree but a young lifetime of B-movie lore devoured and disgorged by Director Joe Dante, with whom Sayles worked three years ago on an engaging *Jaws* rip-off called *Piranha*. Their new film drops latent or blatant references to a dozen low-budget horror movies; characters are named after some of the more mediocre talents ever to win a Directors Guild card (Lew Landers, Roy William Neill, Erle C. Kenton); Roger Corman, godfather to many young directors, makes a cameo appearance, as do Forrest Ackerman, editor of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* magazine, and Sayles himself. Trouble is *The Howling* is too insistent on parading its enshocklopedic knowledge to raise Hackle One on any mov-





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Cinema

iegoer's neck. Rob Bottin's special make-up effects may deserve extended study, but the movie shouldn't stop dead in its lycanthropic tracks while a man turns oh-so-slowly into a werewolf—twice. Though *The Howling* is doing big business with the women-in-jeopardy crowd, it will add no luster to its makers' reputations. Mark this one off as a Sayles slip.

"What interests me," Sayles has said, "is taking something totally fantastic and sticking it in a realistic setting. I try to say, 'O.K., what would really happen if you walked outside, and there's this giant alligator there?' " What happens is the basis for a scary, sensible movie with a skewed sense of humor. *Alligator* is a robust mutant of *Them!* and other '50s horror movies that took a no-nonsense approach to the threat of atomic apocalypse. Civilians run from the deadly menace; policemen walk toward The Thing because that's their job. *Alligator* provides a terse manual on the care, feeding and ultimate annihilation of 2,000-lb., 36-ft.-long reptiles—and on the art of making a grindhouse movie with care and wit. Good Cop David Madison (Robert Forster, in an authoritatively low-key performance) is forever being reminded of his thinning hair; and, when he learns that the alligator has grown to monster proportions by ingesting hormones, Madison grunts hopefully, "Maybe he'll die of cancer."

Lewis Teague directed Sayles' finest B-movie script, *The Lady in Red* (1979)—a tart, taut evocation of the '30s working-class underworld—and here he plays camera tricks on the audience without ever cheating. The screenplay takes Madison's point of view, the camera takes the alligator's, and for most of the film they fight each other to a crafty standoff. Aided by Teague's expert direction, Sayles has created a reptilian specter for urban paranoia—alligator as allegory. The beast may not be plausible, but the fear it engenders is. And if the movie doesn't by itself justify claims for Sayles as Hollywood's Renaissance man, it at least suggests that he can help bring genre movies to an Age of Restoration. —*By Richard Corliss*

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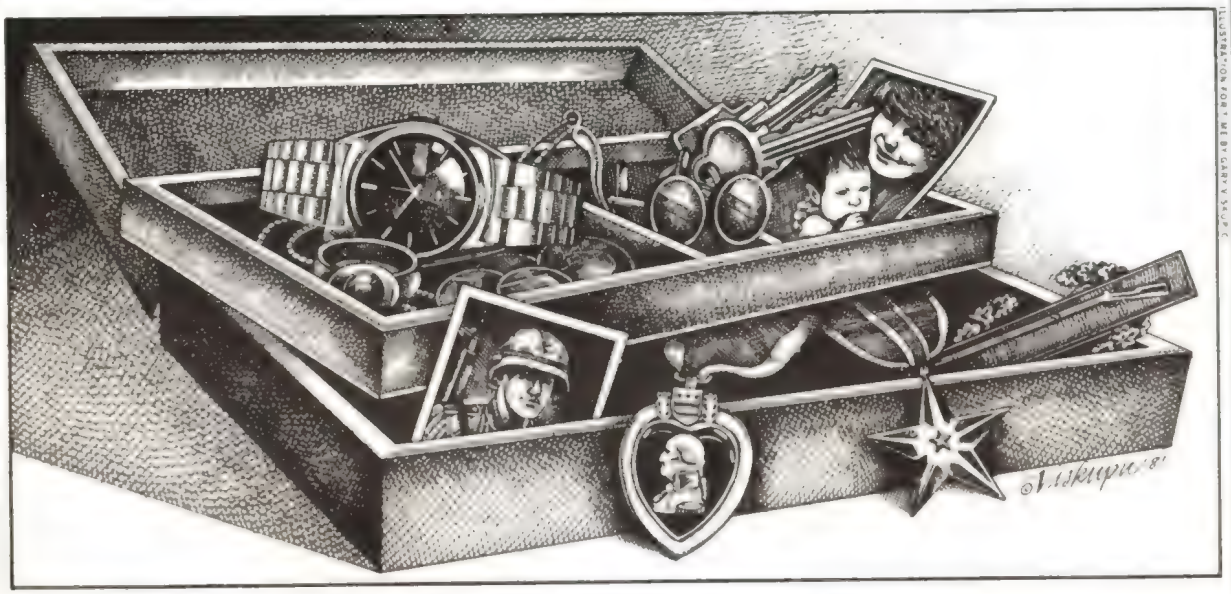

The Tape-Recorder War

PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION *Edited by Jan Barry*
East River Anthology; 294 pages; $5.95, paperbound
EVERYTHING WE HAD *by Al Santoli; Random House; 265 pages; $12.95*
NAM *by Mark Baker; Morrow; 324 pages; $12.95*

The Viet Nam War went on so long and under such scrutiny that nearly every observation and prediction about it had ample time to bear a truth. The uncustomary fact of defeat, however, was quickly buried, and Americans turned back to what they do best: helping themselves. They jogged, played tennis, meditated and nurtured a reverence for ecosystems. At times it seemed as if Judaeo-Christian civilization had been overrun by pagan-aerobic tribes.

But even as the statistics and footage of war receded in a blur of swoosh stripes, words began to sprout. A poem, a play, a novel, a memoir might recall what most citizens wished to forget. Some could not. Viet Nam veterans grew older, had children and, as if by some compulsion to pass on their stories, began to talk. In the spring of 1981 the "living-room war" shows signs of becoming the tape-recorder war.

Peace Is Our Profession is an anthology that combines recollections and poetry by men and women who fought in Viet Nam or demonstrated against it. The book smolders with old indignations; yet there are notable flashpoints. From Herbert Woodward Martin's *A Negro Soldier's Viet Nam Diary:* "Do not celebrate me when and if I come home. I step around the smallest creature these days." From Poet Muriel Rukeyser: "Cancel war, we were taught./ What is left is peace it is no canceling:/ The fierce and human peace is our deep power/ Born to us of wish and responsibility." Veteran Harrison Kohler recalls the excitement and intensity of his fighting days: "It is easy to look at the war in Viet Nam and know why one should hate it . . . What is infinitely more difficult is to articulate why I loved it."

Excerpt

"It felt so good after it was all over and you could just exhale, just taste the time, taste the life . . . I was really looking forward to coming home, but after three or four days, I was climbing the walls. I dropped back into the old neighborhood and nothing had changed. They were the same people in the same situation with the same head. There's been no time passing for them. It was like I never left. But I *did* leave. I wasn't the same any more. I didn't feel comfortable doing what I used to do. I didn't know how to *spend* time.

I was geared up for dealing with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of equipment and a lot of responsibility for human life. I've come back here . . . to do what?"

—*Nam* by Mark Baker

Nam and *Everything We Had* employ the techniques of oral history to find the answer. Mark Baker and Al Santoli have skillfully edited and orchestrated their interviews. *Nam* stretches the form. A crisp, uniform tone suggests that many of the anecdotes may be composites from various sources. None of those interviewed is identified, though a glossary reacquaints us with the language of the war: busting caps for firing a weapon, cherry for inexperience, hooch for shelter, No. 10 for the worst, klick for kilometer, slick for helicopter, Spooky for gunship. Santoli's approach is more traditionally documentary, though both books reveal a deranging truth: memories of war's exhilarations often outlast the horrors and revulsions.

"I can almost picture my platoon," says one former lieutenant, "how tall they were, where they were from, what they did —I mean, who cried and who didn't cry." An ex-grunt remembers a godlike feeling: "I could take a life, I could screw a woman, I can beat somebody up and get away with it." Another returns home to join a stickup gang: "It wasn't the money with me. I was doing things for a handshake. I wanted the adrenaline pump."

Elsewhere a veteran brushes with paradox: "I was engaged in the one activity which is the ultimate macho experience Within that I found myself and others capable of a tenderness which society only assumes of women." Military Nurse Gayle Smith found all such assumptions turned upside down. "I never knew what the word hate was until . . . I would have dreams about putting a .45 to someone's head and see it blow away—over and over again. I remember one of the nurses saying, 'Would you be interested in working on the Vietnamese ward?' And I said, 'No, I think I would probably kill them.' "

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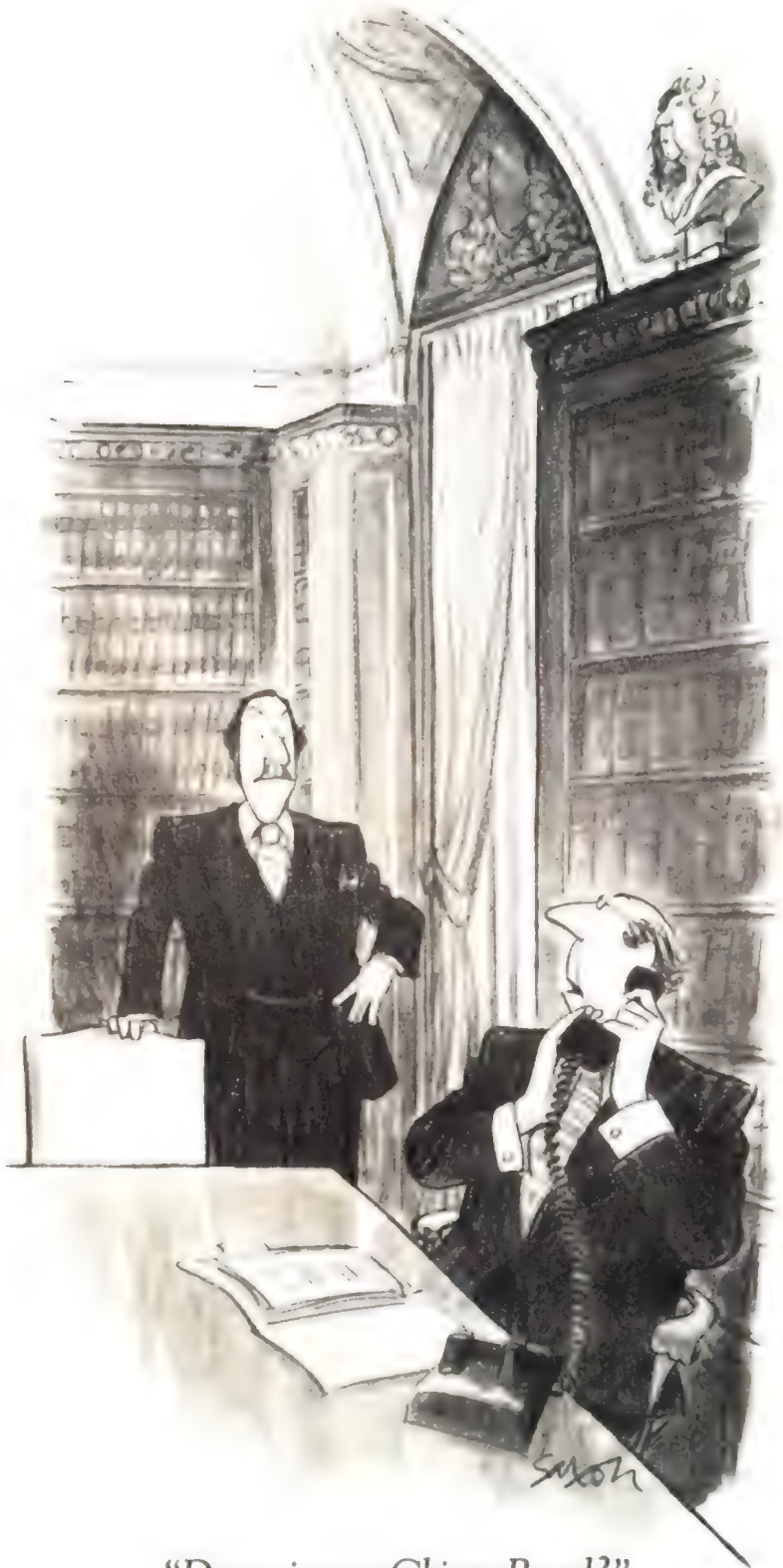

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Books

Mostly, the contents of these books are beyond a dreamer's imagination. Teen-agers with guns kill civilians on order, on whim, on dope. Rage explodes in all directions. Barracks arguments escalate into fatal shootouts. Corpses are mutilated for sport and trophies. A dead man is not allowed to fall but kept dancing grotesquely on a stream of bullets.

One common side effect of war is that emotional polarities can be switched in an instant. Omnipotence suddenly turns to helplessness, brutality to compassion. The details in these pages arrange themselves into a vivid collage: the painted yellow footprints on which brand-new Marine recruits are told to stand; the puce and canary Braniff jetliners that fly replacements to Da Nang as if it were a trip to Disney World; U.C.L.A. sweatshirts left behind by retreating Viet Cong; the exploding shoeshine box of an urchin-guerrilla; the contoured fiber-glass chairs that give a military morgue the look of a "futuristic barbership"; the computer printout that informs one veteran that he has been honorably discharged ("I thought I'd at least get a little plaque or something").

Reading these books can be an exercise in abject fascination: matters of morality are disturbingly outflanked by questions of sanity. Hollywood has attempted this effect with Defense Department–size budgets, celebrity brass and vast pretensions. The results have been a parody of the wastefulness of war itself. The truth of a holocaust is not apocalyptic; it comes slowly, relentlessly, word by word. *—By R.Z. Sheppard*

Sounds of Silence

THE TESTAMENT
by Elie Wiesel
Summit; 346 pages; $13.95

Of all Stalin's victims, none would seem so obscure as the Soviet writers who were rounded up and murdered on the night of Aug. 12, 1952. It was the Premier's last act of anti-Semitic paranoia, and he made certain that if his victims were barely known in life, they would be totally obliterated in death. It was not enough that the victims were to vanish from society, they were also to disappear from history.

But, as George Eliot observed, there is a roar on the other side of silence, and in recent years the voice of Soviet Jewry has sometimes been loud enough to awaken whole nations. Even those lost souls of the '50s are no longer still; they speak with renewed eloquence in *The Testament*, Elie Wiesel's 18th and most accomplished book.

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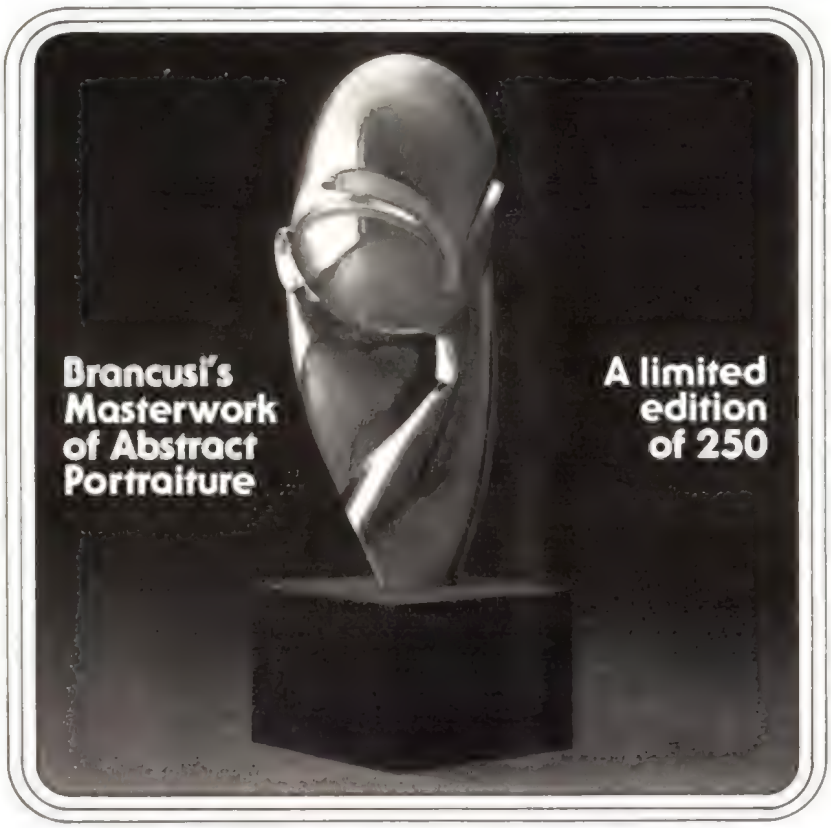

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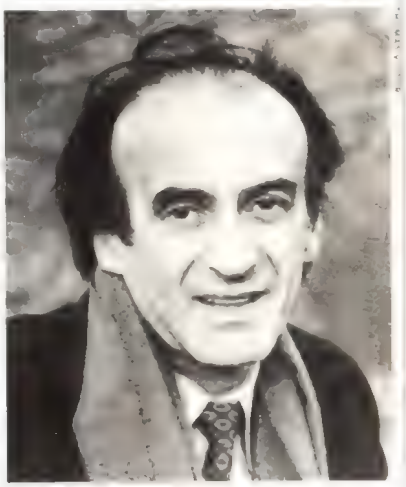

Elie Wiesel

Battle between the divine and the dialectic

he explores a different kind of angst: the transformation from practicing Jew to militant Communist, a journey taken by thousands of thinkers and millions of chanting followers from the steps of the Winter Palace to the barbed wire of the Gulag. Wiesel reduces that odyssey to the tale of a single wanderer, Paltiel Kossover, a minor poet whose life becomes a battle between the divine and the dialectic.

Paltiel's memoirs are smuggled out of prison by a sympathetic court stenographer who passes the manuscript to Kossover's mute son Grisha. The boy's inability to speak is the symbolic disability of a new generation. But Grisha escapes his father's fate when he emigrates to Israel with the tale committed to memory.

The Testament follows Paltiel through a roiled landscape: Berlin and Paris in the '30s, party betrayals during the Spanish Civil War, a mission to Palestine, back to Russia where he becomes a gravedigger in the last days of the war.

Down through the decades, Kossover moves through history like a sleepwalker. In the beginning, he substitutes the Cause for God: "In that way I could accept everything without reservation or hesitation ... the Party held the truth and the keys to the future." When he marches with militant workers, he suddenly feels the weight of phylacteries in his knapsack, but his revolutionary fervor is seldom leavened by thought. It takes a phosphorescent, spectral figure to rekindle any moral sense. David Aboulesia, who mysteriously appears whenever pain grows too intense to bear, warns him, "If you believe you must forsake your brothers in order to save mankind, you will save nobody, you will not even save yourself." It is a bitter prediction: Kossover's return to faith is tragically late. Yet it is his testament that 30 years later transfigures his life and makes the fate of Russian Jewry an omnipresent matter of life and death.

Elie Wiesel once wrote of his fellow concentration camp victims: "So as not

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to betray ourselves by betraying the dead, we can only open ourselves to their silenced memories—and listen." He listens to Stalin's victims with full attention, and he reflects in the tone of the great Russian intimates of suffering: Chekhov, Babel, Mandelstam. Wiesel needs no tract; the yearning of a single martyr can redeem humanity. Paltiel Kossover awaits the Angel of Death in his cell: "I love all the persons I see in the distance, moving in joy and melancholy; I feel sorry for them. They are all mortal and behave as if they were not. I should like to comfort them, help them, save them. I should like to tell them the story of my life." ***—By J.D. Reed***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Creation, *Gore Vidal* • Gorky Park, *Martin Cruz Smith* • Love and Friendship, *Jane Austen* • Other People's Worlds, *William Trevor* • Tar Baby, *Toni Morrison* • What We Talk About When We Talk About Love, *Raymond Carver* • The White Hotel, *D.M. Thomas*

NONFICTION: Ernest Hemingway Selected Letters, 1917-1961, *edited by Carlos Baker* • Faces in My Time, *Anthony Powell* • The Hour of Our Death, *Philippe Ariès* • Lucy: The Beginnings of Humankind, *Donald C. Johanson & Maitland A. Edey* • Maria Callas, *Arianna Stassinopoulos* • Paper Money, *Adam Smith* • The Terrible Secret, *Walter Laqueur*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Covenant, *Michener* (*1 last week*)
2. Brain, *Cook* (*2*)
3. Masquerade, *Williams* (*3*)
4. Reflex, *Francis* (*4*)
5. Firestarter, *King* (*5*)
6. Answer as a Man, *Caldwell* (*6*)
7. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon* (*7*)
8. Creation, *Vidal* (*8*)
9. Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman* (*9*)
10. The Key to Rebecca, *Follett* (*10*)

NONFICTION

1. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons* (*1*)
2. Cosmos, *Sagan* (*2*)
3. Nice Girls Do, *Kassorla* (*4*)
4. The Last Mafioso, *Demaris* (*5*)
5. Molloy's Live for Success, *Molloy*
6. Nothing Down, *Allen* (*8*)
7. Paper Money, *Smith* (*9*)
8. William E. Donoghue's Complete Money Market Guide, *Donoghue with Tilling* (*7*)
9. Best Evidence, *Lifton*
10. You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen*

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FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION

Le Guide to an "Electric City"

For French visitors, words kind and beastly about New York

My dear Jean-Pierre and Nicole:

Listen, *mes chers*. Before you leave Paris for *l'Amérique* on your honeymoon it is absolutely essential that you equip yourselves with the new *Guide to New York* by Henri Gault and Christian Millau. There is no other comparable introduction to New York and *les New-Yorkais*, certainly not in French (and it's available only in French). With its information on hotels, restaurants, theaters, shopping, museums, *la night life*, even transportation, it will be as valuable to you as your traveler's checks. The book also contains many sage observations about the habits—some barbaric, some hugely commendable—of *les Américains* that may help you get back home in *une pièce*.

Gault and Millau, as you know, publish the monthly food and travel magazine *Le Nouveau Guide* as well as a feisty annual guide to French restaurants, which sometimes makes Michelin's comments seem like soggy croissants. Oh, *mes chers*, what G-M have to say about *l'Amérique* is not what you have read in Tocqueville! You will be among a record number of French visitors to *les Etats-Unis* this year—estimated at 450,000—and should come prepared.

First, the good news. *Les Amis* are unbelievably hospitable. Compared with them, according to G-M, "the Frenchman is the most constipated human being on earth." Forget many of the chauvinistic clichés of the past. (Chauvin, after all, was a Frenchman.) *Par exemple*, the book points out, "the notion that the Americans could produce anything good to eat or drink used to make us giggle." *Faux*. Actually, there are several restaurants in New York (run mostly by Frenchmen) that would rank with some of the best in Paris. American restaurants, the book says, "are infinitely more elaborate, elegant and artful than ours." Also, in New York at least, there have never been so many good ones. There are in that city many young chefs who are versed in *la nouvelle cuisine*.

L'Amérique is now fairly bursting with the ingredients for *le grand repas*. Lobsters from the state of Maine (named for the region in northwest France), milk-fed veal from *le Midwest*, good beef and lamb from Montana and New Jersey, *le bon canard* known as Long Island duckling, the little shrimp of New Orleans, the crab of San Francisco, an aspiring caviar, even snails, frogs' legs and truffles from *la Californie*. Speaking of *la Californie*, G-M advise you to drink its wines by all means. The Californians, led—*cela va sans dire*—by French and Italian growers, have won global respect.

PATRICK JACOB

Gault (left) and Millau shopping in Paris for ingredients of *le grand repas*

Many Americans live on le cake mix, *Jell-O, peanut butter and Coke*

As an old boulevardier, I must agree with many of the sentiments expressed in the *Guide*. *Par exemple*, New York itself: "It is beautiful and hideous, tender and violent, generous and greedy, fascinating and horrifying. New York is the image of the whole continent. Contradictory, profound, lyrical . . . it is the most electric city in the world." The authors add that your visit will be "more than a simple tourist trip, it will be a decisive stage in your maturing."

You will find out, no doubt, that Americans who do not patronize *les grands* restaurants live on substances like *le cake mix*, Jell-O, peanut butter, ketchup, Coke and orangeade without orange. Surfeited with frozen victuals and "baby food," they have lost all contact with natural flavors. From an early age they grow fat on sugars, gassy drinks, bread and superfluous vitamins. "No wonder," say G-M, "that American dentists are the best in the world or that the gastroenterologists are so busy." *Evidemment*, you must eat only in the very best places, and your first duty on landing is to make your reservations. "Otherwise," advise G-M, "you run the risk of being condemned to eat hamburgers in *les fast food*."

Now, as *les New-Yorkais* say, for *le nitty-gritty*. Rumor has it that the celebrated Algonquin serves bad food. "This information is absolutely erroneous. In fact, it is *very* bad." At Tavern on the Green, they serve a banana cheesecake "that would have smothered Desdemona faster than her pillow." At the "21" Club, which is not a club at all but a place to be seen, the cuisine is "irregular: one time it's bad, another time it's worse." At P.J. Clarke's, they serve *un hamburger* that is "both cooked to death and cold and even an English dog would not want to eat it." Ordering a simple sole *meunière* at elegant La Grenouille is as complicated as filing an income tax return.

But of course, *mes chers*, you will stay away from such spots and follow Gault-Millau to the very special places of New York and, indeed, *l'Amérique*. Say your prayers and hope that André Soltner may accommodate you at Lutèce, by any measure one of the world's finest French restaurants. The authors rate equally high The Four Seasons, where *vraiment* the courtesy, the ambience, the efficiency as well as the food are "an amazement." Be adventurous like your French ancestors there: cross the bridge and dine in *le vrai* Brooklyn, at the Continental-style River Café or else at Gage and Tollner, which, contrary to the authors' statement that there are no bistros *vraiment Américains* in New York, is just about as American as you can get, serving the good Atlantic seafood and the great corn-fed beef of the Midwest, which, *entre nous*, is better than France's finest.

Unlike Paris, New York has an abundance of taxicabs to take you to the good places. *Hélas*, the drivers seem mostly to be crazy and they do not know their geography! As for their cars, say G-M, they could not be in worse repair if you boarded them in the farthest depths of Turkey.

En tout cas, I hope that you will have a truly ravishing visit to this extraordinary land, and please blow a kiss to my very favorite French lady (next to you, Nicole) the Statue of Liberty.

Your loving cousin,

Michael Demarest

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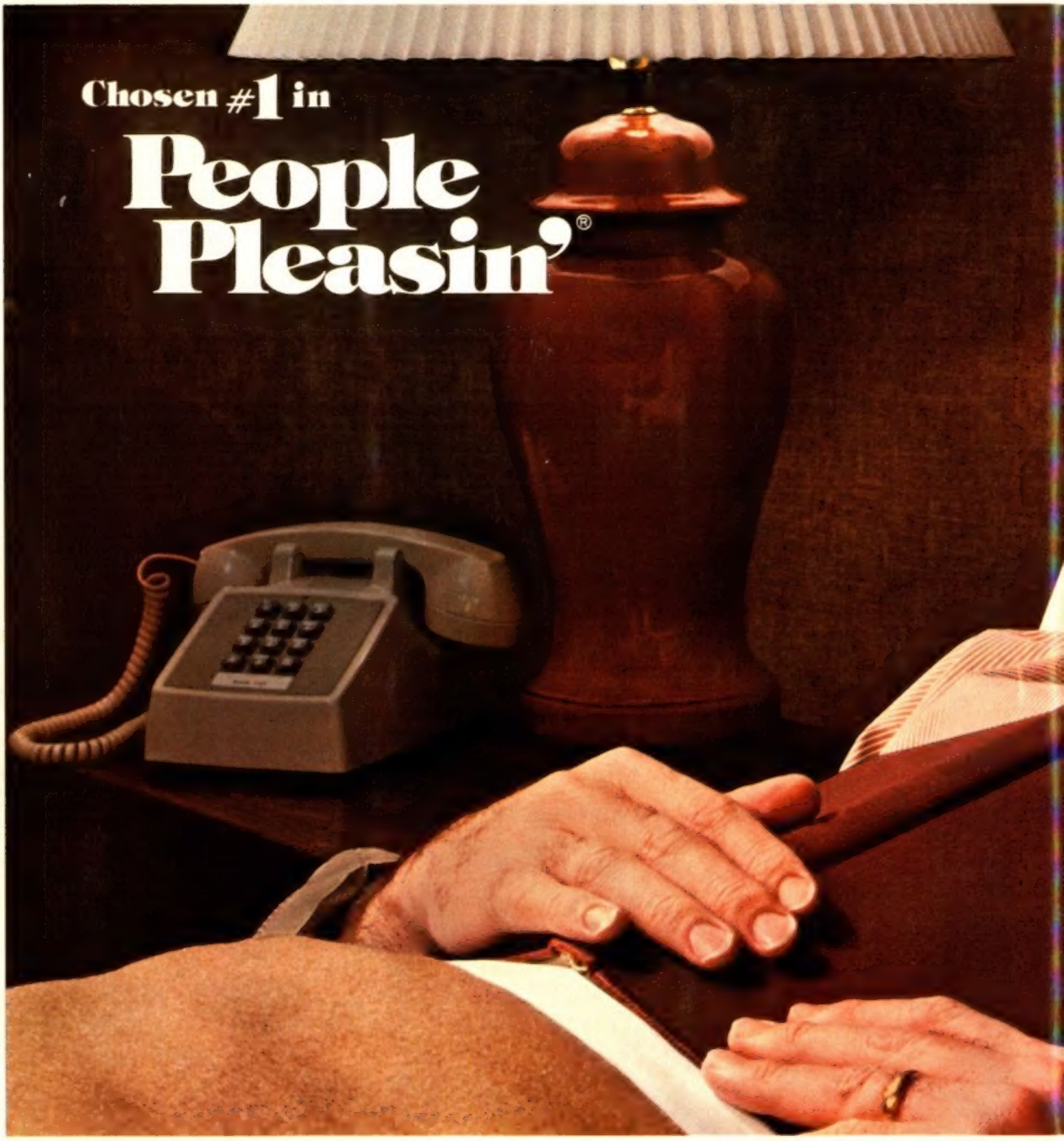

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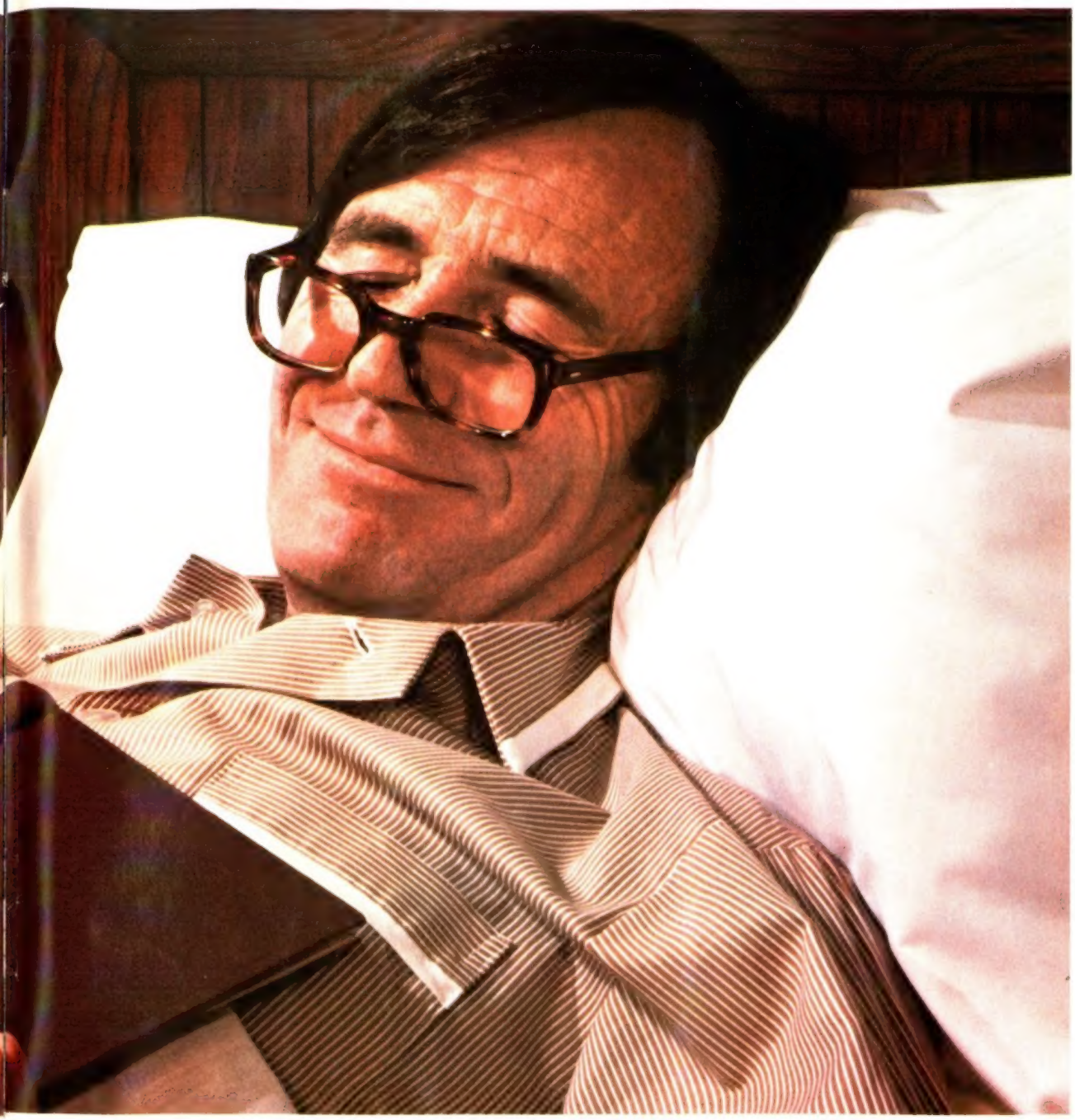

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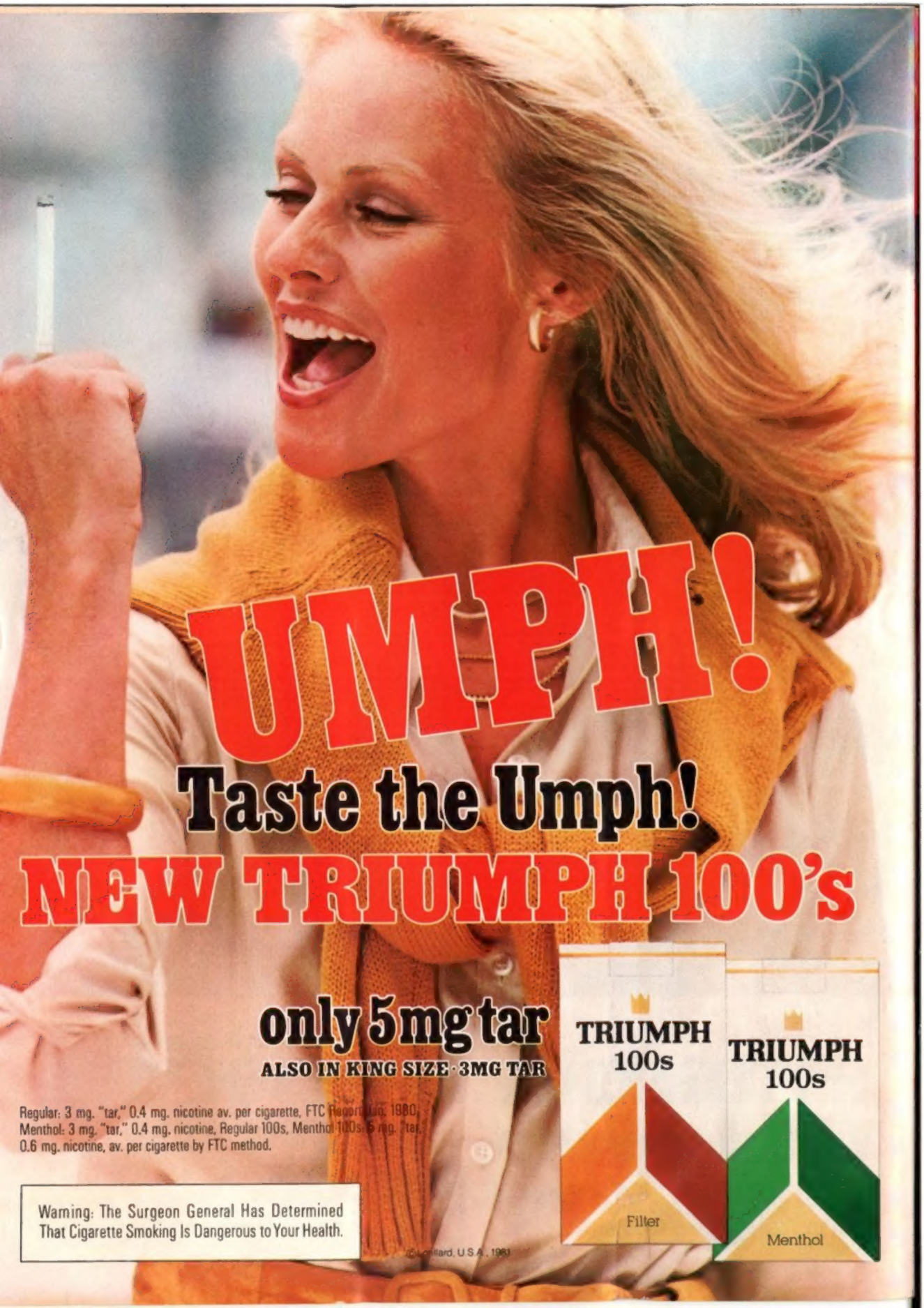

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